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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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For the Register.

OUR INFLUENCE ABROAD.

It seems not to be the will of Providence that we shall, as a nation, live to ourselves, even as it is not permitted to individuals to live to themselves. If any of us ever imagined that the Atlantic on the one side and the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific on the other, were given to us for the purpose of shutting us up with our own immense resources, and excluding the old world, the time is come when our mistake is rendered quite apparent by the actual and now certain future achievements of steam applied to ocean navigation. Those immense wastes of water which seemed not long since to be intended as everlasting barriers to interdict all except occasional intercourse between the new and old countries of the world, have ceased to present any formidable obstacle, and in a few years, it seems likely, the great oceans will be considered little more than ferries, on the one side to Europe, and on the other to China and the East Indies, with daily intercourse between them. The line of steamers from New York to Chagres and from Panama to the mouth of the Columbia are now being built, and within a year will be in operation. The next step, of running a line from the Columbia to China will follow speedily, and within a couple of years probably the telegraph will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will then be practicable to obtain news from China at New York in little more if not less than 30 days, and in 12 days more we can send it to London. When these enterprises are in operation, this city will be the great central exchange and mart of the world.

The United States, then, from standing on the outskirts of civilization, is soon to become the centre of the commercial world, the depot of all climes, the highway of traffic and travel for all nations, and as the soil communicates some of its properties to the stream which passes over it, so may we expect this country in some degree to impart its national characteristics and sentiments to the nations of the earth whose commerce and travel shall pass through its gates.

Political events in Europe, also, tend strongly to bring this country and its institutions immediately under the admiring observation of all the nations of that continent. Weary of the enormous burdens which monarchical rule imposes, they are every where in restless agitation or actual revolution, and in casting about for a new and better system, they remember that the United States presents an example of successful self-government, under which, for seventy years, the people have enjoyed all the blessings of freedom without the evils of disorder, and all the advantages of firm government without the mischiefs of oppression. Its institutions stand commended to them, not as a theory of human rights, but as a beautiful realization of freedom, in whose rich blessings twenty millions of people rejoice. What can be more natural and reasonable than that all eyes should be turned to us in the present crisis of European affairs, and that they should adopt our model! Thus, by the political events of the times, our example acquires an unprecedented influence in shaping the governments of Europe, and in all probability, the revolutionary movements on that Continent will, in every instance, owe something to lights borrowed from our history.

It may even happen, indeed, that in their indiscriminate admiration of our successful example, they may copy our errors as well as our excellencies, and thus the same providential circumstances which open a door of usefulness to us as a nation, will afford occasion for the spread and perpetuation of evils which we have failed to arrest among ourselves.

It is easy to see, therefore, that the great commercial and political revolutions of the present day, while they bring us into new and intimate relations with the rest of the world, at the same time vastly augment our responsibility and render it more than ever important that we should be not only the "Model Republic," but the model Christian nation, whose spirit and institutions shall be a safe study and a wholesome example for an observing world. It should be an object of intense desire, that through all the new channels of influence opening before us, in these eventful times, a living stream of light and life may continually flow to bless all nations.

In view of this vast extension of the field of our national influence, every false step in our public councils, every development of a corrupt public sentiment, every manifestation of an ambitious, unjust, oppressive tendency of the popular mind, goes forth with a vast power for evil through our influence abroad. In this view we may heartily rejoice that our Mexican war is closed, and that we shall no longer continue to assist by example this terrible game of war. We wish we could at the same time exhibit the cessation of slavery within our borders, the dying out of political strife and ambition, and the growth, on a grand and imposing scale, of all the interests of virtue, benevolence and piety; so that wondering nations gazing at us from afar might exclaim, in the midst of their own agitations, "Behold how happy and blessed is that people whose God is the Lord." H. C.

ARE ALL MEN BORN FREE AND EQUAL!

[We give the conclusion of Mr Calhoun's Speech on the Oregon Bill. Nothing can show more conclusively that slavery is antagonistic of the Declaration of Independence. The great Southern Statesman stands up before the nation and maintains it. We would take these admissions of Mr Calhoun, and argue, that the Declaration of Independence either accords, or does not accord, with the Constitution. If it does not, then as the Declaration is the Magna Charta of the nation; as it holds forth what are regarded as first truths, let the Constitution be instantly brought into harmony with it. If it accords, then Mr Calhoun's argument from the Constitution, in favor of slavery, is mere sophistry and a nullity. Indeed he seems to be aware of this. He virtually falls back on an abstraction which *he* calls a first truth—that the colored race are born to be slaves to the whites. His observation that the principle embodied in the Declaration, "is the organ of abolitionism and its dangerous offspring"—let abolitionists faithfully use for the promotion of their cause.]

Mr President, if this Union is to share the fate of so many governments that have gone before us; if it is doomed to fall, the historian who records the event, will devote his first chapter to the ordinance of 1787. That will be set down as the origin of the deed of separation. His next chapter will be devoted to the Missouri compromise, and the next to the proviso of the present time. Whether there will be a chapter beyond this, we cannot tell. If the historian be of a philosophical turn of mind, looking into remote and recondite causes, he will use the disaster to a proposition which is now understood as a most dangerous and fatal error, but which was originally a truism.—This fatal error is the universal idea that all men are born free and equal. Now, sir, I purpose to examine this, and I am not afraid to meet the strong prejudices in its favor. There is not a word of truth in the proposition, as commonly understood, all men are born. No, sir, men are not born; infants are born, and they grow to be men. (Laughter.) They are born free and equal; not so—they are born subject to their parents and guardians; and so they continue till they grow up to the free gentleman. May I ask if this is not the language of the declaration of independence! No such thing; that declaration, in more simple terms, says all men are created equal; but this is equally erroneous.

According to the scriptures, only two of the human race were created—one man and one woman. (General laughter all round, the idea universally suggesting itself that the rest were propagated.) Mr C., unmoved, went on. We may trace this error of equlity to Locke and Sydney. They claim that all men in a state of nature are equal. This is a truism; but it is of no great value. It is only hypothetically true; what is it! There are states and conditions of man. In the first, man lives as an individual, and partly independent of his fellow man. This is called a state of nature. In that state, he is free, and every man is a sovereign; but it is a misnomer to say they are all equal. The next is the social state. The philosopher in this, will trace out all the rights belonging to both conditions; but equality is still further removed than in the first. The political, blending the two, is the only state adapted to the wants, the progress, and the development of the powers of man. His social state cannot exist without sovereignty; hence the necessity of government. In his state of nature, man cannot exist at all; yet it is strange that the state in which man never did exist and never can exist, should be called the natural state; while the only state in which he can exist, should be called the artificial. This is the great misnomer. This only natural state is that in which he best exists with this false doctrine—that all men are born equal. Then comes up the idea in the mind that these natural rights are the highest rights, that the rights of individual are higher than those of society, and then society rests upon a false basis until those imaginary individual rights are restored. This is all false. Political rights are the highest of all rights of the individual—but supplemental to the rights of the community. No man is entitled to any natural rights at the expense of the community. We may make some important deduction from this. The rights of the individual are ceded to, or taken by the government, according to necessity; but government has no right to subtract more from the individual than is necessary for the genera. organization; hence the great distinction in governments, of which the people are ignorant; and in a wild state, it is necessary that government should have an immense power to prevent the evils of anarchy.

As we ascend in the scale of intelligence, we come at length, to that point where every man possesses the knowledge, and the readiness to act under mutual concessions; and as we approach it, we find that government relaxes more and more in the liberties of the individual, and less and less exercises the supreme power of its original condition. Instead, therefore, of all men being created equal, or all men being equally free, there is of necessity the greatest disparity. What then becomes of the error that all men are created equal, or that they are born free and equal? It vanishes. Yet to this error we may trace every struggle against government for individual rights, however just or however fallacious. This error is the very organ of abolitionism and its dangerous offspring. It is this error which threatens to give to the revolutions, which it has excited in Europe, a tendency to anarchy and all its confusion. This error of equality is all powerful to pull down, but impotent to build up. It can destroy fast enough, but it cannot reproduce. It is an error under which, unless detected and discarded, all Europe and all Christendom may fall into hopeless anarchy, as the first result, to be terminated in military despotism.

EX-MAYOR QUINCY'S REMARKS AT THE TYLER STREET SCHOOL HOUSE.

The following is a correct report of the remarks of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., at the dedication of the new school house, in Tyler st., on Monday, June 26.

"Having been specially and formally requested by the Chairman of the School Committee to address the audience on this occasion, with the notice that my name had been affixed to the school, I deemed it my duty not to decline their request.

And in the first place, permit me here publicly to express my deep sense of the honor conferred by the Committee in giving my name to this noble building, in which there seems to be concentrated all that is useful and desirable of attainment in a structure erected for the important object for which it is destined. Although this distinction was neither sought, or even known to me, until communicated by the Chairman of the School Committee, it would be disingenuous and unjust in me not to acknowledge the gratification it has conferred. Having presided nearly six years in the City goverment, in the early stages of its existence, and over movements of its Councils, most critical and conclusive of its destinies, it cannot fail to give me pleasure, to be thus assured, that after the lapse of more than twenty years, the labors of that period are remembered and appreciated by my fellow citizens.

It may, perhaps, be expected on this occasion, that I should say something on the subject of our public schools and of the duties and prospects of the country in respect to them. But the subject includes topics too vast and important to be embraced in the limited time it is proper for me to occupy; and is already in the hands of an official agent and of a committee competent and fully qualified to do justice to it. I shall limit myself to some general views and to a single topic, on which it may be useful and timely to speak.

Concerning the importance of education, including in that term intellectual, moral and religious instruction, it is impossible in political associations like those of the United States, for any expression to be too strong, or anyexpenditure, if wisely applied, too great. It is not too much to say that in education the vital principle of a republic exists. For a society, without prevalent knowledge, morals and religion, combines in itself the elements of anarchy, revolution and despotism. And in proportion as education in these respects is deficient, the tendency of such society to one or other of those states is perpetual, and sooner or later one or the other must be predominant. It follows as a consequence that it is the great duty of a Republic not only to provide that every child in it may be educated, but also to take care, as far as possible, that every child in it shall be educated. In this point of view, it is unquestionable that the duties and rights of society are paramount to the duties and rights of the parents. If therefore, in a community calling itself a Republic, children at an age at which they may and ought to be at school, are found idle and vagrant in our streets, loitering about public places and wharves, giving evident mark, by both language and conduct of general, if not total, ignorance, the society in which such courses are permitted, though a republic in name, is, in fact neglectful of its most imperious duty; and the time cannot be distant, when its reality, with its name will be obliterated.

How that degree of universal education which is essential to the duration of a republic, is to be attained, may well occupy the most earnest thought of our citizens and legislators. In the present condition of the United States, a delay in devising the best means, or a failure in their application, will be conclusive on the fates of our republic; for society in America has, in this day, to struggle not only with the natural apathy and antipathy of the young to restraint, but with an infusion of adult ignorance, which seeks only bread; craving the supply of present wants, with no knowledge of the past and no care concerning the future. If this state of things be not met, in the only way in which it can be effectually, by adequate provisions for the instruction of the whole rising and coming generation, and with the application of means and energies adapted to the crisis, it needs no spirit of prophecy to foretell that many years will not elapse before our republican institutions will be overrun and laid prostrate, with as steady and complete subversion as did the Goths and Vandals overrun and lay prostrate the institutions of ancient civilization.

It is not the time, nor the place to speak of those means and appliances, but they must be formed and efficiently used by the united action of the inhabitants of this country, independent of political parties or projects, or it will soon be too late. It is in the nature of things impossible that the healthy influence of our institutions, and the elements of the prosperity, which experience shows they include, should long continue, if the current of vice, the ignorance and the recklessness, which the old world is daily pouring in upon us, and which there is reason to believe, instead of decreasing will be enlarged, unless the present possessors of the country have the sense and spirit to meet the sacrifices and exertions the exigency requires, and above all, to take care that the vice, the ignorance and indifference to education which characterize so large a portion of our emigrant population, shall not be transmitted and perpetuated in their children.

The improvements in the sciences and means of education during the last twenty years have, in this city and Commonwealth, been exemplary and unrivalled, and furnish the hope that its people will meet with spirit the consequences to us of the unprecedented condition of the European world; and that our statesmen and patriots by their wisdom and fidelity in the cause of general education, will make permanent the prosperity we now enjoy, and secure the perpetuity of our republican institutions. [Journal.

GERMAN IMMIGRATION IN RELATION TO THE FUTURE WELFARE OF THIS COUNTRY.

[Remarks of Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, at the Gen. Assoc. of Conn., as reported by the Puritan.]

Dr. BACON remarked, that this German immigration had not as yet by any of us been apprehended in all its magnitude and power upon the future welfare of this country. We have taken our idea of foreigners, too much from the Irish, with which we in New England are more conversant. But the Irish element infused into our population, is far less important than the German. It may be more numerous, though of that I doubt. The Germans are now coming in at the rate of 5000 per week, and these not as so many paupers emptied upon our shores to be taken into our alms-houses, but each one comes with money to convey him to the West and put him upon soil of his own. Now, here is a great thought: that the foundation of the new society at the West is to be laid, not by Anglo Saxons, but from the great Teutonic tribe, from which the Anglo Saxons came.—For our fathers came from the same great *officina gentium*, the stream of that old Saxon blood. We have been in the habit of taking too narrow views of our Anglo Saxon destiny.—The main stock of this country is not Anglo Saxon; we have it indeed in New England, with a touch of the Norman. But if we speak of Americans in the broad sense, the wheat of more than three kingdoms has been sifted out to sow the seed here. It was not the Puritans nor the Covenanters exclusively, that made the original stocks; our people came from a confluence of many races. Yet it is none the worse for that, but it has more of energy and aptitude for the great work of carrying the Gospel to all the nations of the world.

It is a mistake to think that everything must be done by ourselves; other churches and races have a great work to do on this continent. Look at the German churches; their field is the whole country; they are extending in every State of the Union. We have known little of them, of their doctrines, or their difficulties; and we have now little idea of the power which God is to exert through them in filling the land with the Gospel. They will not plant the Anglo Saxon, or Puritan stock, but the churches of Jesus Christ. They are brought near to us, and the result will be a union of heart and effort between us and them, and I trust that we shall be found ready to aid in whatever form that Gospel which God has given to us and them. I rejoice that we have an opportunity to aid the Germans in the midst of us. While we listened to the reports of the delegates from Iowa and Wisconsin today, what heart did not beat with swelling emotions at the grandeur of that work of home missions!

Only ten years ago, the land which now composes the State of Iowa and Wisconsin passsed from the possession of the Indians; and now one State has a population of 340,000, and the other 160,000. At the next census, each will be larger than Connecticut, and at the next after that, both together will have a greater representation in Congress than all New England. To what a destiny are these Western States advancing! What will be their aggegate population in 1860! There will be the votes that will precipitate us into war, or hold our country in peace and prosperity. There will be our country, there our children, as many of them there as here. It is the nature of this "universal yankee nation" to spread out and run abroad. There are now twice as many Connecticut people out of this State as in it. We are now called upon to appreciate the grandeur of our present position. The vision of the Revelation unfolds a state of things when there will be no sea; and has not that time now come! For thousands of years the sea was a pathless barrier, that shut out the western world; but now it has been converted into a means of access, and can be passed easier than the land. Yea, it is becoming the great highway of nations—a great railroad, joining us to every European nation, and making them nearer to us than they are to each other. And upon it, the world is flowing upon us. This country is now experiencing an immigration more strong than that which came down upon old Rome, and made of that a new world. And this brings all Europe into living sympathy with us. It in a measure removes the curse of Babel. Here the division of the world into nations, separated by their laws, customs, history and languages, vanishes away. From this country, living nerves are passing to the brain and heart of every land. And here is the accumulated power which is to be felt over the world, for the world's redemption.

MRS. MARY VAN LENNEP.

[Daughter of Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford, Ct., Born, 1821. Died near Constantinople, 1844.]

Her Early Piety.

"It is a very pleasant remembrance to her parents, that from her earliest years she was a peculiarly affectionate and dutiful child. Her tender mind opened itself in docility and love; and like a fresh flower of spring, shed forth the fragrance of its affections upon all around. To know the desires of her father, or mother, was enough to engage a prompt and cheerful obedience. She was early taught that she was a sinner, and needed the renewing grace of God to fit her for his service and kingdom; and from the time she was eight years of age, she was the subject of more than usually deep religious impressions. She felt that her heart was not right with God; that she needed what every human being, however young, and however amiable, needs—a new heart to be given her by the Holy Spirit.

On entering her tenth year, there was a marked change in her feelings. The scene was one never to be forgotten, either by herself or her parents. It was noticed, that, for some days, her mind was the subject of intense and serious thought. Occasionally the unbidden tear would be seen trembling in the eye, or stealing down the cheek, till, one evening, having spent some time in retirement, she was heard singing in a low, sweet voice, when on opening the door of her room, her delightful exclamation was, 'Oh, I am so happy; I have found God; I am so happy; I can pray now.' She had knelt, as at other times, with a burdened heart, and under a sense of separation from God, and he had met her and had blessed her. To use her own language; 'it seemed like speaking to a dear, kind friend; God seemed near to me; and I felt that he heard me.' From that time she gave us every pleasant evidence of being a child of God. Her youthful piety did not, as it often does, pass away like a morning cloud. It was a plant of celestial origin. It was rooted deep in the heart, and it grew and brought forth increasing fruit to God till the end of her life."

Her Father's Comforter in Severe Affliction.

"A little previous to the death of this brother, an incident occurred which drew out her strong powers of sympathy, and very strikingly illustrates her forgetfulness of self, when she saw others in affliction, and also her very felicitous manner of imparting consolation. The disease had assumed a very alarming form, and the little sufferer was rent with convulsions, which it required no ordinary share of fortitude only to witness. The poor father unable longer to endure the sight, turned away from the bed, and sought his room. Mary followed him. He threw himself upon the sofa, exclaiming, 'I can't bear it, I can't bear it;' and he seemed to be struggling with emotions too painful to be borne. He had already been bereaved of three children, and now a fourth was about to be taken, and in a distressing manner. He again exclaimed, 'The hand of God is upon me; I don't know but I am to be written childless.' Mary drew her seat closer to his, and laying her hand gently on his knee to gain his attention, she looked up in his face and said, 'Father, you told us that God always had a *good reason* for every thing he did. And has he not a good reason *now?* and is it not right for him to make my little brother suffer so?' Finding her arguments unavailing as she supposed, to soothe him, because that now he wept more freely, she took down from the shelf a hymn-book, and opening it, said, 'Dear father, let me comfort you, let me read a hymn to you, shall I!' The father's heart was too full to speak, and she opened to that very appropriate hymn of Doddridge, commencing,

"Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand"—

When she came to the verse,

"Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow,
And shall rebellious passions rise
When he corrects us now?"

Her countenance shone as if a beam from heaven had shed its light there, and her voice and manner were such as seemed better befitting an angel than a frail child. A relative of the family had followed Mary and her father to the study, and had been a silent, but almost unnoticed observer of the whole; so absorbed was the father in his grief, and Mary in her attempt to soothe him. She said the scene was more touching, on account of the state of Mary at the time, who having just risen from a sick bed, was still weak and pale. She seemed also to be overwhelmed with the consciousness of her little brother's sufferings, to whom she was tenderly attached, and to feel that she must not now lay her bursting heart upon her father's bosom, for he needed comfort and support himself. In the trying emergency, she looked away from human sympathy, and sought in God something which might meet the painful circumstances of the case; and she thus, meekly, though unintentionally, taught a lesson of submission to his perfect will.

Desponding and Hoping.—Joy and Sorrow.

"Dear C., the foundation of my soul, seem all breaking away. I never felt so entirely adrift in the universe, without compass or anchor, as I do at present. All that I thought firmly fixed in my heart is gone, and I shrink from the year, as bringing only new helplessness at a time when I need all my energies. Forgive me, my dear friend, for troubling you with these things. A letter on the eve of another great period which marks off the time of frail, perishing mortals, should be full of hope—of encouragement; and forgetting the past should look towards the glorious future—the coming existence when the strife with evil shall have ended. But *thus* I am little able to write now. The few longings I have ever had for the strife, seem all quenched. If I thought this state of mind was to last, I should be miserable. Perhaps I have fallen into some 'slough of despond,' but if so, it must be a very different one from Christian's, for there appears no helping hand. I am not jesting, my dear C., neither am I indulging myself in a melancholy dream; but a conviction of what I am, and my utter inability to be any better, has so weighed upon me lately, as to drive almost every thing else from my mind. Do you know what I can do! If you have any talisman to still the unquiet beatings of my heart, send it to me I pray you.

Why am I so selfish as to write thus to you! I am sure I did not sit down to the unmerciful task of making you acquainted with my utter destitution, but it was with the laudable intention of wishing you 'a happy new year,'—happy in the consciousness of a daily increase in all that is worthy of an immortal and redeemed soul. O. my friend, press on to that glorious path with renewed ardor. Our Savior has marked out the way, and will ever be near, to guide and strengthen, and to bring you safe to the hills of light. I dare not think of those everlasting hills. It blinds my eyes with tears; for the long, weary path, full of difficulties, snares, temptations, corruptions, comes into my view, and fills me with gloomy forebodings. It does not seem as though I can ever get over them. Evil habits so fixed in the deepest recesses of the heart—love of the world, with its poor perishing trifles, dragging the spirit down to earth. Will they drag it down forever! Can no one break the strong fetters? But this does not sound very much like the words of a believer in all the promises so glorious and precious, written on every page of God's holy word. The very fact that I am a believer in them, makes me still sadder, for if I believed rightly, I should have no more discouragements.

Never did I feel my heart *leap* in joy as it does this morning. Oh, M., is it not delightful to live in the service of so good a being as our reconciled Father in Christ! Is it not good to yield all to his blessed control, and know no will but his! Surely there is more blessedness in doing his will, than in anything else that this life can yield us. If the few scattering joys which have entered our benighted hearts *here*, make us so happy, what must the full glory of that life be, where no sin can obstruct the gushings of peace and joy. I write unconnectedly, dear M., for my heart is so full I can not give expression to what I would say. I never thought that I could be so peaceful in the service of God, nor have such a sweet, tranquil frame of mind, as I have enjoyed for a few days past. Now I give up every doubt and fear, and trusting only in my Savior, am willing I humbly hope, to do all he appoints. Dear M., I did not mean to occupy this note with my own feelings, but they would come out. Oh, to sing praises to our Savior! He who has redeemed us from our sins, and given to us the hope of eternal life!

I felt free and happy as a bird. * * * I blessed my Father in Heaven for the beauty there is in our fair earth, and holy thoughts of his love came floating into my mind. I was not troubled with vanity as I had formerly been on such occasions; and yet I feel almost afraid to say so, for I know the same selfish feelings remain, yet they do not give me so much trouble, nor occasion, as they once did, such a ceaseless inquietude within. I know that if I do God's will, that is all that is of importance to me.

Sabbath noon. I have just returned from a sweet season, for which my heart blesses God, my Savior. Oh, these are refreshing seasons in our pilgrimage. They come as gleams to our path even now, though far from our Father's home. He sends his love to us, and here in this lower world, we may sing the songs of the redeemed. * * * How sweet, how joyful, to rest my all on Jesus, to lean on him, and know no fear! Here I can praise him only faintly. In that day when this mortal robe is cast aside, I will raise my voice in a ceaseless song of gratitude, 'unto Him who hath loved us, and given himself to die for us.'

I have had sweet thoughts of Jesus and his faithful love. So great! It is wonderful! and I so poor and vile! The least thought makes me tremble for I am weak. I am happy and trusting to night. When I look inward, all is indeed very dark and sinful, but I look away to Christ and all is bright, and I pray for my precious ones, and for this whole world, that Jesus may reign."

Recovery from Sickness.

"I have been brought to the borders of the grave, from which it has pleased God to raise me, so that now I am fast recovering. I have been down stairs for a little while, and have touched again my dear piano. But I am still very weak, and sit in my easy chair very quietly, reading some, and sewing some, but thinking most of the time. And oh, I thank God for the sweet thoughts he grants me.

"I can look back on the whole scene, and view it only in the light of a blessing. I had very little suffering, principally weakness; but I was so ill, that my parents gave up all hope, and my physicians felt there was scarcely a chance for my recovery. And yet, through the whole my mind was clear. I knew all which was going on around me, felt my danger, and thought that I should die. It pleased God to give me great calmness, without which it would have been impossible for my disease to have been checked; for excitement was the thing most feared. I left the event entirely in my Savior's hand. I trusted all to him, and knew that if it was his will, I should recover: if not, I trusted he would not leave me at the last. It is a miracle that I am spared. I am filled with wonder! I can only say, 'Lord, this life I devote all to thee.'

In this room I have passed, and am passing, same delightful days. I can not think of the kindness of all my friends, without the greatest wonder. It makes me very humble. I have had one overflowing stream of blessings, ever since the commencement of my illness. All my wants have been anticipated. The kindest friends have been around my bed side—the best care has been taken of me. Every thing that love could devise, has been done. My dear Mrs. Fitch came all the way from New Haven, and took care of me a night and a day. Oh, my cup has been full of blessings! The loveliest flowers have bloomed on my table, and the choicest fruits, since I began to recover, have been before me. But this is not the half.

"It has pleased my Heavenly Father to give me a more happy and peaceful spirit, than I have ever before enjoyed. I have the sweetest verses and hymns in my memory, and my communing on my bed, have been most precious.—The dark valley of death, looks not near so dark, since I have been so near it, and heaven seems near all the time.

I have yet many sins over which to mourn, but it seems as though my Savior permits me to lay my head on his bosom, and weep over them there, and supplicate grace and pardon for myself and all my dear friends. I love my friends and every body, and every thing, ten thousand times more than I did before. The sun never shone so brightly, nor the moon so peacefully; and yet I love God, and Jesus, and heaven as much better. The Bible never seemed half so precious. I can only look to God, and pray him to keep me close under the shadow of his wing, since it seems his will I should live a little longer here. I think this is one of the lessons I needed to learn before entering on my labors in a distant land. Of these I think much. And I have sweet thoughts of my absent friend. I thought of him when I supposed myself dying, and did wish to see him; but I can trust that all to my Father's care and keeping."

Sails a Missionary to Smyrna.—Letter to her Mother.

"Dear mother, my own dear mother, you are not sorry we are going. You know why we go. It is not for our own pleasure; it is God who has appointed our way; and I do think we go for Him, and shall live for Him in every thing.

Dear mother, pray that we may be wholly devoted to our Savior; that the salvation of all may appear so important to us, that we shall be always earnestly engaged in leading many to Christ. Pray that we may never forget the object of our mission. Good bye, my precious mother, we are all in God's hand, and He can sustain us. I have not a fear if God will only enable us to do right."

Letter to her Father, who accompanied her to the East, on his return home.

"My own precious father,—God will take care of you on the great waters, and will bring you safely to your dear home and people, and we, shall we not pray for you and send our hearts with you; and does time or distance separate us? Oh no, my dear father, time and distance can not break the ties which bind our hearts together; for we are united by our Father in Heaven, and it is his love which makes us *one company, one family* still. Do not think that H. and I are 'afar off;' it will not be true if you do. We are close to you, and God up in the heaven, who sees our hearts, looks upon us as if we were not separated. Oh, my dear father, it is good to be in his hands, to know no will but his, to work just where he appoints and just how he appoints. We thank God that he has brought you here. You will never know the good you have done in this world. It has been a sweet comfort to H. and me, and every word of yours is treasured in our memory. I thank you (*thank* is a poor word) for every counsel you have ever given me; for every prayer you have prayed for me; for all the sermons I have heard you preach; for all our pleasant talks together.

"Dear father, you will not be sorry that we are working on missionary ground, when you get to heaven. How I shall remember and live upon your last words at the meeting. It was a good meeting, and I wish we could keep heaven every moment in our mind. And now go home to dear mother, and comfort her heart, and train up dear E. to be a missionary, and tell all my young friends that there is a great and a blessed work to be done in this world, and they have but one life to do it in. Oh, beseech them to be in earnest about doing good. I have never been half earnest enough about it.

"Our hearts go with you. Do not you believe it, dear father! Why will you still think we are after all separated! What is a mass of water or a piece of earth! It does not keep our hearts apart; it may have power over the body, but never any power over the spirit. May God help us to believe this, and to live in the sweet hope of spending our eternity around his throne. And, now dear father, I embrace you and kiss away all your tears, and I am your own affectionate Daughter."

The closing period of her life, and her thoughts of heaven.

"For some weeks my health has been very feeble, and the world has grown very dim, and I bless God who has in mercy afflicted me, so that I might look up to that better world, which should occupy our chief attention. Dear S., this world is not to be our home. Let us rejoice in this. A few days of care will soon pass, and then we, and those we love, will begin a blessed existence in the presence of our Savior, who will make all our hearts happy through all eternity. But how little we think of heaven, and how we start at the thought of dying. Yes, dying is a solemn thing. I shrink when I think of the hour of death. But then I say, 'will Jesus leave those who put their trust in him?' Oh, no, we may safely confide in him, and he will take away all fear of death, and he will put such sweet thoughts of heaven into our minds, and of the lovely company of redeemed ones who are gathered there, that we shall no longer look upon this life as desirable, but shall joyfully meet death as a messenger sent to carry us to our beautiful, our glorious home. I think our views of heaven will depend very much upon the manner in which we view Christ. He is the chief attraction in heaven, and he must have our highest love, if we would hope to have heaven attractive. If we meditate much upon the perfect character of our Almighty Savior, we shall see how adapted he is to satisfy our hearts. Yes, dear S., he can satisfy as no other being can; and I trust you have long ere this found it out. But if you are troubled at finding that Christ is not all to you that you wish him to be, though you do sincerely put your trust in him; the best way to remedy this is to think very much of him, to strive to have your thoughts go up often to him, and also to pray earnestly that he will show you how lovely he is. Christ has sources of comfort and happiness in himself, which he is ready to impart to us, and of which we now little dream.—Our minds are too dark to see his loveliness. Oh, when will these clouds be rolled away! Dear S., let us no longer think of him as a being far away, but as a kind and faithful friend, who loves us with so tender a love, that he longs to draw us to his bosom, and make us forever happy."

ITEMS OF RELIGION AND REFORM.

STATE OF RELIGION IN THE DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS OF CONNECTICUT.

Hartford North Association reported that they had much to gladden the heart, and much to deplore. There is generally an increasing attendance on public worship. Some conversions had occurred in nearly all the parishes, and there had been revivals in Barkhampstead, Canton, and Windsor. Popular errors were waning, contributions to religious charities were increasing.

Hartford South. Peaceful and flourishing; Sabbath schools increasing in interest and numbers; benevolent contributions increasing:—revivals in Weathersfield, Rocky Hill, and New Britain.

Hartford Central. In several churches an interesting state of things, with a few cases of conversion; an extensive revival in East Hartford: a general increase of attendance on public worship.

New Haven West. The churches are in a general state of peace, and a few conversions have occurred in most of them. In Howard st. church in New Haven, there have been about 70 hopeful conversions, and about 20 in the college. The aggregate of conversions in the association, is 175.

New Haven East. Two churches have colonized; one because it was too large for one assembly, and the other by reason of a disagreement in the location of a meeting house. Three revivals, one of which (that in Fairhaven) is now advancing with great power.

New London. No extensive revivals, yet an interesting condition of some churches. Great efforts have been made in rebuilding church edices, so that we now have scarcely an old one in the county.

Middlesex Association. General peace and prosperity; attendance on public worship increasing; two revivals, one in Middle Haddam and one in Saybrook; the latter is extensive and thorough Sabbath schools uncommonly flourishing.

Tolland. A state of union and peace in most of the churches; attendance on worship increasing; four meeting-houses in process of erection; no general revival; several churches have had some refreshing. [Puritan.

Departure of Missionaries. Rev. Horace Foote, and wife sailed from this port one morning last week, for the Syria Mission, in the bark Catalpa, Capt. Watson. Mr. Foote is from Madrid, N. Y., and Mrs. F. is from Tallmadge, Ohio.

Among the passengers on board this vessel, says the Traveller, is Baron Hohannes, a Protestant Armenian, who left Constantinople some five years ago on account of the persecution directed against him, and has since resided in the United States, preparing himself for greater usefulness among his people. Mrs. Hohannes, till recently, was expecting to return with him; but she has finished her course in a strange land, and her husband goes back alone.

Light Spreading. [?] We rejoice to learn, says the Presbyterian, that the Westminster Catechism has been translated into Italian.

Six hundred Protestant Portuguese persecuted by the Romish Church in the Island of Madeira, and banished from their native place to the Island of Trinidad, where they are in great distress, have made a moving appeal to the Christians of this country, for means to pay their passage to the United States, and to secure for them some land where they may live. They are all converts from Papery.

China Missions. From a circular received from the Rev. William Speer, American Missionary in China, it appears that there are at present, sixty seven missionaries in China: of whom forty three are American, nineteen English, two Chinese, two Swiss, and one German. These have been commissioned by fourteen different socetics.

The Free Church of Scotland. This Church has increased its income last year by £20,000. All its churches are free from debt. The total raised during the year is £350,000, or $1,750,000! The whole number of Free Churches is 701. The amount of collections for the cause of Foreign Missions has increased somewhat over those of last year, which were £60,000. The home mission scheme of that Church sustains wholly or in part 220 clergymen in the destitute parts of Scotland.

Temperance in Canada. The Catholics of Canada have begun an earnest and thorough movement in behalf of temperance; tardy to be sure, but better late than never. A meeting of the clergy of Montreal was lately held, at which the Bishop presided, and resolutions were passed adopting the tetotal pledge. The Bishop was urged to put forth all his apostolic authority to suppress the habit of drinking, and authorised to write a letter to proprietors and commanders of steamboats, requesting the abolition of their bars. Provisions were made for regular monthly meetings, to be held on the first Sunday of the month. The French Catholics have not felt the impulse which, coming from Father Mathew, has roused the Irish Catholics; but if the movement be once begun under the right priestly auspices, we may hope it will proceed as thoroughly as in the case of the Irish. [Evangelist.

Color in Great Britain. Though they have a pretty pure specimen of Anglo Saxon nature in England, there does not seem to be among the Christians and sensible men of that country, quite so terrible a dread of a colored skin as we can boast of. At one of the anniversary meetings in Exeter Hall, at which Lord Ashley presided, one of the favorite speakers was Rev. Alexander Crummel, a respectable and pious Episcopal clergymen from this country, whose statement respecting the spiritual destitution of his colored brethren was listened to with marked interest. This is the same person who was refused admittance to the Theological Seminary on account of his color; and, we believe, was refused holy orders by Bishop Onderdonk for the same good reason, and was obliged to apply to the Bishop of Pennsylvania. [Evangelist.

Missions and the Slave Trade. Rev. George Thompson, and Anson J. Carter, missionaries, on their way to Haw Mendi, sailed from this city in the bark Adario, Captain Brown, April 8th, and reached the coast of Africa, May 9th, in good health.

At Sierra Leone they got their first view of the horrors of the slave trade. A captured slaver was brought in while they were there, and they went on board of her. There were 500 slaves on board; 10 had died after her capture. Mr. Thompson says:

"Of all the sights I ever witnessed, this is the worst. The deck was literally covered with men, women and children, some lying down, some sitting, some standing. Many of them were quite small boys and girls; many of them were mothers; and all quite naked. Below were crowded two or three hundred, between floors not exceeding two and a half feet apart. Men sitting flat on the floor cannot sit up straight, and there they are crowded together in as close as they can be jammed; the first row sitting on the floor with their backs against the side or end of the vessel; then another row, sitting in the same way, crowded close in between their legs; and so on, as many as they can crowd in. There they sit week after week, in all filth, and stench, and sickness and death!!—When I think of my countrymen engaged in such an infernal traffic, and of their sending their ship-loads of rum, &c., to help on the work of degradation and death, I know not what to say."

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Carter are under the care of the American Missionary Association.

Hope H. Slatter. It had been, for some weeks, rumored that this prince of slave-dealers, Hope Hull Slatter, had abandoned the accursed traffic, and closed up his slave prison. Although a friend of mine doing business nearly opposite to the establishment, told me that he had the facts from Slatter's own lips, it was such cheering news as to stagger my credulity—too good to be believed. But, when at the prison of one of his competitors, Campbell & Co., (where let me say in a satisfactory parenthesis, I went to receive into freedom Ellen Stewart, slave of Mrs. Madison—one of the Pearl fugitives,) I was assured that there was no mistake about the truth of the rumor. It seems the lot from the Pearl, over which Rev. Henry Slicer struck hands in such clerical complacence, according to the graphic description of Hon. Mr. Slingerland, was about the last that Slatter had the heart to buy. Whether the scathing denunciations of him and his traffic, quoted by Mr. Slicer in his lame attempt at a defence, were instrumental in converting Mr. Slatter, I am unable to say; but certainly the publication of them in the body of Mr. Slicer's letter in the Clipper, was at least one help to the cause of truth—albeit, the reverend gentleman was far from intending it to have any such goodly effect.

[Tribune.

Progress of Anti Slavery. Dr. Snodgrass lately attended a meeting in Cecil county, Maryland and, after addressing it on the subject of slavery, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, that the time has come when our sectional jealousies and differences should be forgotten in an earnest and persevering effort to rid not only Maryland, but the country at large, of this moral and social evil.

Resolved, That we are determined that our sanction shall

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

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THE PREVAILING NAME OF JESUS.

There is another view of the salvation of which Jesus is the author. It is a salvation which all need individually to have wrought in themselves. It is salvation not from any outward flames of hell-fire, but from evil within. It is deliverance from sin. And we say that Christ, that the religion of which His name is the sign, is the great and only power to redeem man from sin; to renew him in holiness and righteousness; to save him from torment of the mind; to rescue him from the natural and inevitable woes that follow the commission of sin, whether for this life or the life to come. Sin is the cause of national calamities as these are the aggregate of individual calamities. It is in itself the most deplorable of evils.

It is written that "the creature is subject to vanity not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope;" that the whole creation groaneth in pain and sigheth through bondage. Who is there that does not at times feel how he is bound by his inferior nature and his animal appetites to earth? how his desires rush toward forbidden objects? There is indeed a law present to his spirit, by which he is urged to seek things good and holy; he is not without desire to be delivered from spiritual thraldom; he sees how blessed a thing is obedience to God, how base is sin, how unworthy to live a life of low, earthly desire; he feels the galling of his chains, and is dissatisfied with himself; he knows that his suffering will last as long as his sin lasts—that sin must ever be followed sooner or later by misery. How then shall he be delivered? "What," he asks, "shall I do to be saved?" He asks it from conscious need of deliverance. Sometimes the depths of his wretchedness shut out the light of hope from his mind; new sin has plunged him into new darkness; but still even in his wretchedness he cannot but cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" What he wants is actual deliverance. He wants present deliverance, not the imputation of it, nor the mere hope of it. He wants more than pardon, and a great deal more than the mere hope of it. The redemption he wants is effected in the name of Jesus. There is in the truths of the religion of Christ, and in the spiritual might of sympathy with him, the adequate saving power—the power to "deliver one out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and place his feet on a rock, and put a new song in his mouth, even praise unto his God. There is in the Gospel the power to heal the disease of the soul, to expel sin, to impart holiness, to give peace.

The salvation of this life, and the salvation of the life to come, are one and the same. What saves here will save there. He who has begun to attain salvation in this life, will go on to complete it in the life to come. If one persists in sin, dies in sin, he cannot go where Christ has gone, for the sufficient reason that he is not prepared for it, has not acquired and cherished the holy dispositions which themselves make heaven. There is, then, no other name under heaven, given among men whereby they must be saved and reach heaven, for the sufficient reason that that very name signifies spiritual attainments in which heaven consists, the attainment of qualities of mind and heart without which there can be no heaven. Trusting therefore to anything short of this name, how can one possibly reach heaven?

In maintaining this dependence on the name of Christ for salvation, we do not mean to say that there is no person in the wide world who has ever experienced, or ever can experience, deliverance from sin, except by a personal faith in this name. There have been instances of men truly righteous, and yet they never heard the name of Jesus. There was the Roman Emperor, Marcus Antoninus, of whom John Wesley (who had just read the Meditations of that heathen philosopher) said—"What a wonderful heathen! I make no doubt that this is one of those who shall come from the East and the West, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." The same apostle Peter, who says—There is none other name under heaven able to save, also declares that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." But the number of righteous men who can be found where the light of the gospel has not shone, or does not now shine, is small indeed. The general principle is, as is shown the world over, that for men, the power to constitute them righteous—to save them from sin—is the name of Jesus—the power of the truth which he taught and exemplified, in his life and in his death.

There is however a view in which the righteousness of the heathen, wheresoever it has been manifested, may be seen to be one with the power in Jesus to save. The righteousness which any heathen men have exhibited, was not without some wonderfully clear manifestation of God to their minds. Now the very highest form in which Jesus presented himself was that of revealing God. The eternal Word was incarnate in him, and manifested to man, so that in him was seen "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," "the brightness of the Father's glory and express image of his person." It is this manifestation of God, and the consequent revelation of duty, and the accompanying motives in the life and death of Jesus, that are the great power to save. The virtuous among the heathen who attained to clearer knowledge of God than their contemporaries, attained to knowledge which was therefore one with that which we obtain through Jesus. Of consequence Jesus, considered, as he may be, synonymous with truth, was virtually and in veritable import the name by which even the virtuous heathen have been saved. For the truth saved them—the truth which they were able to attain; and Jesus also is the truth—the same truth in kind which the heathen saw, and by which they were saved, only higher, immeasurably higher in degree, than that which they saw. But, as already intimated, how powerless the light of Nature, such as the mass of men have been able to behold, how powerless to raise them to righteousness—to deliver them from sin! How feeble the glimmerings of truth to the mass of the heathen world! If Jesus had not come, a few might here and there have appeared from age to age, standing out like a Marcus Antoninus, but the world would be still lying in wickedness. Wherever we see any portion of the world recovered from this darkness and wickedness, there is the name of Jesus known—there is Christianity at work. No moral effect, no effect of any cause whatever, can be more clearly discerned, than that the deliverance we behold has been effected through Jesus Christ—through the power of the truths with which his name is identified. His is the name by which the salvation has been wrought. His is the PREVAILING NAME. And in this is fulfilled the angelic word—"Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins."

DISCOURSE BEFORE THE SENIOR DIVINITY CLASS, CAMBRIDGE.

On Sunday evening last, a very large audience were gathered in the 1st Church, Cambridge, filling the floor and the galleries, to hear the discourse before the graduating Divinity Class by Rev. Dr. Bushnell. He commenced with alluding to the circumstances under which the invitation to preach on this occasion found him. He had just passed through a conflict of some fifteen years, during which his mind had been greatly perplexed with the doctrine of ATONEMENT, and he had now attained to views in which he found satisfaction and repose; views which seemed to him comprehensive, and tending to harmonize the differences of Christians. The letter of invitation coming to him at such a time, and from such a source, decided his choice of subject. It was one indeed in which his views might differ somewhat from theirs; they might not readily or fully yield their assent. He himself, with the lapse of time, might have lost something of the confidence which he had felt in being able to persuade others to accept the views which had dawned upon his own mind. But still in the effort to find some higher and broader ground on the subject, he trusted he should receive their patient attention; and he felt he should show his respect for his audience not by taking some neutral ground of common thought, but by presenting some large topic where the views entertained by the one and the other were diverse indeed, but the topic itself was of admitted importance, and there was possibility if not of harmonizing diversities, at least of removing something of their sharpness.

The text in which the views he should present were embodied, was in the First Epistle of St. John, i. 2, "For the Life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that Eternal Life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

This was a comprehensive announcement respecting Christ; and it had this advantage—that it had never been drawn into controversy. It taught the Divine Incarnation in the person of Christ. There was first a manifestation of something—the coming into visibility of that which had before been invisible. It was secondly a manifestation of Life—*the* Life. And thirdly, it was *that* Life—a Life distinguished from any other life of God whether in man or in the world. It did not teach that Christ is a man, nor that the life of Christ was in God, as all souls have their proper life in God; but that Christ was the Eternal Life of God himself—that he was God manifested in the form of man.

Dr. Bushnell proceeded to review the various theories of Atonement that had prevailed. The primitive Church were content with the simple statement of the facts, without theorising upon them at all; until Irenæus arose, who was the first to construct a theory of the doctrine of Atonement—a theory representing his death as a ransom paid to the Devil, by which was obtained the release of the sinners whom he held captive. Afterward arose the legal, the commercial, the ceremonial, and, last, the modern theory which, more rational than any of the others, taught that the sufferings of Christ were laid on him in order to express the Divine sense of justice, and that the majesty of the law is thus maintained as much as though its penalty should be actually inflicted on the transgressor. All these theories, said Dr. Bushnell, dissolve at rational inquiry. For whether Christ suffered willingly or unwillingly, the question would return, What must it signify for the Government which would accept his sufferings? What for the Government which would punish the innocent and let the guilty go? He however remarked, in passing, that having thus dismissed these theories at the bidding of reason, he perhaps should bring some of them back again before he finished his subject.

The preacher then came to what he considered the positive doctrine of Atonement. It is that Christ reconciles us to God. This reconciliation is accomplished first through the life of Christ considered as a perfect being—an embodiment of goodness to move the world. God can unite himself with man as a vehicle, can be looked upon expressed in and through the human. As to the reality of such a fact, and its harmony with the reason, it is no more difficult to conceive of God incarnated than of God *inworlded*. There are difficulties indeed; there may arise questions which cannot be answered. But the reality is what is expressed, and this is cognizable. To insist on analyzing the divine manifestation in Christ; to insist on knowing how God can become incarnate in Christ, instead of surrendering ourselves to beholding him thus manifested, is just as absurd, he regarded it, as in beholding a painting, to withdraw the attention from the coloring and the expression, and inquire into the composition of the pigments which the artist used. When, then, the divine goodness, thus expressed in Christ, was presented to man's view, it came home to his heart, and it was easy to ascend to the divine.

But it was not merely a *perfect* life embodied in Christ. Christ finds man under sin; sin has become a corporate will in the world. To break the power of sin, the divine love became corporate in Christ. Christ the embodied Word was thus able to subdue the organic force of evil; the Princedom of Evil is dissolved. Divine love incarnate meeting man in the world of sense, he knows that God is Love before he finds him in the reason. The Divinity of Christ floods the feeling, and man is subdued to obedience.

Moreover, another difficulty binds man in the state of sin from which Christ came to redeem him. To will is present with him, but, still transgressing, his conscience finds no rest; he refuses to justify himself. God enters into humanity in a form which seems not appalling—he comes as a friend, nay, as a brother to the guilty, and dies for him. Not that suffering appeases God, but *expresses* Him. See how Christ may thus make a vicarious expression, and man be redeemed from suffering properly his own due, through the suffering expressed by Christ. If the speculative instinct rushes in here, and asks how God can suffer, let it be quieted by the assurance that no being is so obedient as God himself, and therefore when God appears in the flesh on this lofty errand, it is no violence to regard him as under law. Discarding the vindictive and penal in the suffering, what an expression of right! How sacred and how lovely! The sufferings of all mankind to all eternity could not compare with it in significance.

Dr. Bushnell having presented the *subjective* relations of the Atonement, proceeded to state that the subjective feelings have their *objective forms*. In this part of his discourse, he brought back some of those views which, as theories, he had dismissed at the first. There was, he considered, a *liturgical* view of the Atonement, and this is presented in Divine Revelation itself, as the *objective* form of the doctrine. "Without the shedding of blood is no remission"—and here was justified the doctrine of *vicarious atonement*. It is no new view, said Dr. B., but it is the divine. Men need an objective liturgical religion. God himself designed a sacred liturgy for the world's feeling. This the preacher believed taught in the Old Testament, and especially in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Religion, thus taught as a ritual, had met the wants of men in all ages; they had relied upon the blood of Christ to cleanse them from sin. He cared not to reconcile the liturgical form with the Reason; enough that it met the wants of the human soul. He thought Unitarians had been deficient here, and that it was the cause of their want of feeling.

Theologians had turned the objective forms of religion into dogmas, and thus destroyed their effect. They were not to be taught or viewed as dogmas, but relied on as forms for the feelings.

By casting ourselves thus on the Divine, manifested in Christ, we should obtain peace. We should not obtain repose by mere reflection. We should not reach the heights of godliness by self-culture, by lifting ourselves up, or by dwelling on ourselves like a sick man studying the pathology of bodily evils, but by reliance on the divine power to save. Dr. Bushnell asked, in conclusion, How shall you preach Christ? Not, he remarked, as he had done this evening, thus far, by theoretic discussion, but by casting themselves on the holy altar of feeling. Best of all was it to *live* Christ; to know him, and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings; to die with him; to love with his love; to become obedient unto death; to know that nothing shall separate us from him: this is to know how to preach Christ.

REMARKS ON DR. BUSHNELL'S DISCOURSE.

We have thus sketched, above, a mere outline,—not given what we dare call a complete synopsis,—of a sermon which occupied one hour and fifty minutes in the delivery—a sermon surpassingly able, eloquent, in parts exceedingly metaphysical and subtle, and rapidly delivered. It will be published, not immediately, but by and by, and as we learn, in a book, in connection with one or two other kindred discourses which are to be delivered at Yale and at Andover, the present season.

The theory of Dr. Bushnell is grand in itself, and, (if we may borrow a figure from Coleridge,) when considered principally in reference to the reflective power, and as part and parcel of the same, it is beautiful like the blossoms and fruit of an orange-tree when on the tree and seen as one with it. But manifestly and rightly attached as he is to his theory, at least now; and hoping, though it would seem less confidently expecting, to persuade others to adopt it, we think he over-estimates the value of theory, and gave it, on the occasion above mentioned, altogether a disproportionate discussion—one hour and forty-five minutes being devoted to it, and only the concluding five minutes to that which he acknowledged was the most important and practical of all. Every reflecting mind seeks unity in its conceptions of truth, and must therefore have its theory. But so long as there is diversity of mind, no one theory, no particular philosophy of truth, will be universally or even generally received. Nor is it theory that will unite Christians, who now seem to differ so widely—it will never alone or chiefly be a power to unite Unitarians and Orthodox, or even the Orthodox themselves, who differ widely among themselves. A doctrinal existence may be necessary to be preserved in the church, for the sake of her own vital existence, but what she needs for this, is, unity in substantial truth, with diversity both of subjective and objective views.

In regard to the value of theory in relation to the life, we doubt not that some views of truth are better adapted to promote holiness than others. We value a contemplative religion, and believe that by "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the SAME IMAGE from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord." Feeling comes by contemplating great truths which are adapted to produce it. Still, we submit that to give a cup of cold water to a disciple in the simple name of Jesus of Nazareth, will do more to fan the heavenly spark into a flame, than the most magnificent theory we can ever gaze at. It is moreover, when we go about doing good, it is in walking together to Emmaus, or abiding in fraternal communion, that the heavenly vision appears to us, and not so much when we are in the silent mood of contemplation.

Acceptable as the theory presented by Dr. Bushnell may be to some, even including Unitarians, it will not satisfy others. It proceeds on an assumption that the Divine manifestation in Christ was essentially different in kind, from the Divine manifested in man, (who is also called God's image,) and in the world. It assumes that Christ is VERY GOD. This is certainly not a first truth, like the fact that *God is*. Nor is it an assumed truth of the Scriptures, a fact which when revealed is recognized as a first truth by the feelings. Not admitting this assumption, we cannot of course receive the theory built upon it. His theory we may look upon as we do on any work of art—and his own work is certainly artistic, has unity, life, beauty, completeness in itself; we do not turn away from his painting to ask what pigments he used. But there is another painting we like better, and think more divine, though less art has been bestowed on it; we mean the life of Christ as drawn by the hand of the evangelists—that eternal Life of Righteousness and Love, which being first in the FATHER reappeared in the SON—the glory of the only begotten of the Father, not the glory of One Unbegotten. It is Life not such as man had no conception of whatever before Christ came, but the Immortal Life which Christ has brought into clearer light—not now merely the dawn shining, but the full light of the perfect day. God incarnated does not make Christ God, nor for the sake of its use should we by personification look upon him as God, any more than God "inworlded" makes the world God, or should lead us to look upon the world as God incarnate or in man, his image, should make us call man God.

☞ For copies of Willmer & Smith's Times, and of Charles Willmer's Liverpool Times, we are greatly obliged to T. Wiley, Jr.

Some excellent books and periodicals have been received the past week—among them the Memoir of Mrs. VanLennep, to which we have not yet been able to give the attention needful for proper notice.

A notice of the Floral Procession, came too late for insertion this week.

For the Register.

COLERIDGE'S ETYMOLOGY OF "RELIGION."

What did "Religion mean originally?"

"*Socinianism*, misnamed *Unitarianism*, is not only not *Christianity*, it is not even *religion*, it does not *religate*; does not bind anew."

These words have been quoted from Coleridge a thousand times. I see them in the last Register, [July 1,] taken from the New England Herald.

It is as well to be accurate in trifles.

Coleridge, with Leigh Hunt, perhaps, after him, took this derivation of *religion* from Servius.

If Cicero is any authority, the derivation is wrong. Cicero derives the word from the verb religere (not religare) to select piece by piece, to consider carefully, (not to bind anew.) *Religio* was *careful examination*, whence of course, sprung *reverence*. Cicero recurs to the derivation more than once, I believe. The Register will be satisfied with the following quotation:

"Sunt dicti religiosi ex relegendo."

Our word *Electicism* seems to correspond to the classical *religio* in its fundamental meaning.

July 1, 1848.

For the Register.

"CAUSES OF UNITARIANISM IN BOSTON,'

A writer in the 'Christian Observatory,' for July, either the editor, or some coadjutor, takes the above caption to discuss under it one of the most remarkable incidents and facts in the Ecclesiastical History of New England. Notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject in the multiplied pamphlets, reviews, and essays of a controversial or historical character, the rise and extension of Unitarian views in Massachusetts, have never yet been set forth in a manner that does justice to all the extraordinary facts in the case. On the Unitarian side this has never yet been attempted. Though we have a general acquaintance with all the sources of information embraced in the somewhat large compass of Unitarian literature, we know not the writer who has essayed to trace the origin, progress and course of liberal and reasonable views in a thorough manner. The attempt has frequently been made by members of the Calvinistic communion, and none of the voluminous writings on that side, do them so little credit as their explanations of the origin and growth of opinions so diverse from their own. In some of their discussions about our differences at the present day, there is generosity, candor, and a regard to facts. But when the old feuds, the beginnings of strife are reviewed, the Calvinistic champion shows himself in his least amiable light, and risks some daring ventures with the truth. It is a sore point; many painful associations gather around it. Calvinism then lost what it can never regain till the world shall end. Its charmed life was stricken at the heart. It was brought under suspicion, condemnation, rejection, by some who had been nursed in its fold, and when they left it, it could never be again the same in honor and reverence to those who remained.

Considering these facts, it is altogether natural that the modern advocate of mitigated Calvinism (the only form of it that has survived) should revert with pain to the time when it received its death blow, and should transmit with reproaches, the names of those who did it mortal injury. If in such an advocate, grace, with all its softening influences, has nevertheless left a root of bitterness, it will be sure to appear whenever he undertakes to trace the 'Causes of Unitarianism in Boston.' In this way we account for, and on these grounds we make allowance for the often coarse and malicious and slanderous aspersions which are cast upon the first declared Unitarians. One would think that they had been a set of knaves, of wolves in sheep's clothing, of cunning, adroit and successful hypocrites, if we are to trust the descriptions often given of them. Seeing that they were all educated as Calvinists, and that the ministers and Church members were of the very choicest specimens of the religious culture of the fathers, it might seem as if their modern defamer would be conscious that he was giving but a sorry account of Calvinism when he ascribed to it such a hypocritical brood of children. 'Cunning concealment,' 'artful pretences,' 'covert management,' 'deceitful prevarications,' about their opinions and doings, are some of the milder charges which are brought against the earlier Unitarians. Now it is to be remembered that their contemporaries who retained their Calvinistic views continued in fellowship with their heretical brethren, during a considerable period, long enough indeed to cover the time of actual and extreme difference of opinion. This fellowship was continued expressly on the ground of Christian confidence and love; so that the Calvinists endorsed the *characters* of the earlier Unitarians, and this fact is enough to relieve the latter from modern imputations.

The writer in the Observatory confines his attempted exposition of facts to Boston. We are willing to confine the issue to that honored and happy city, premising however that Boston is the type of Massachusetts, and bears the same relation to our noble commonwealth, though under very different characteristics, that Paris does to France. The writer before us, is satisfied to refer the facts with which he has to deal, to the manner in which the revival a century ago was opposed in Boston, and to the corrupting influences of the Revolutionary war, with the foreign influences which wrought upon this neighborhood. He adds, however, 'that for a long course of years, the special influences of the Holy Spirit were almost entirely withdrawn.'—As he must have been indebted for his knowledge of this last particular—if he has any such knowledge—to a special revelation constituting him the judge of human hearts and the overseer of the ways of God's Holy Spirit, we shall not presume to question the writer on this head. The vagueness and inadequacy of his other two reasons, when stated in general terms, show conclusively the inability or unfairness of an attempt thus to account for facts which appear with very marked features. He speaks of 'the cunning of Dr. Chauncy and his coadjutors,' of their 'sneers, reproaches, and malicious insinuations and slanderous reports,' of their 'artful methods to render warm, active, devoted piety disgraceful,' &c. Indeed, the wonder would be to us in view of these affectionate charges and epithets, how it happened that the early Unitarians of Boston escaped the jail and the halter.—It is to be hoped that the parties to this cunning and malicious crusade against piety repented and were shriven before they died, for if under religious professions they were as bad as is represented, they would deserve a place of torment made purposely for them.

We fear that the writer in the Observatory has not started with an adequate idea of the phenomena for which he has undertaken to account. He has formed no just conception of the work which he had in hand. The 'causes of Unitarianism' involve a little more of philosophy, and a great deal more of fact than he has allowed for. He dismissed his theme too hastily. One would have thought that he might have mentioned that there was a bare possibility that some of the early Boston Unitarians were, or might have deceived themselves in thinking that they were upright and intelligent men. This certainly was not impossible. On the contrary, there is a degree of likelihood in it. One would have thought that the well known and deeply marked characteristics of Boston society would throw some light on the origin and influence of Unitarianism there. One would have thought that the fact that some of the most revered and honored men in every department of life who were ranked with the early Boston Unitarians, men of profound wisdom, of lofty principle, of meek piety, the lights and benefactors of their age, men whose characters have never been assailed—one would have thought that this fact would deserve some weight in accounting for incidents in which such men were very prominent. The causes referred to by the writer in the Observatory would be more to the point in accounting for the building of engines and the establishment of a police in Boston, than in explaining the origin and prevalence of Unitarianism. It was through force of Unitarian views, that the hazardous and equivocal measures connected with revivals were opposed. The Orthodox Churches in Boston have come fully up to our views about revivals. They are obsolete here: so much is gained.

Opposition to so-called revivals, was the effect not the cause of sentiments and views akin to Unitarianism. The immoral influences and results of the French and Revolutionary wars, were not very likely to favor the spread of 'a religion of morality and virtue,' under which epithets Unitarianism has generally been assailed. Those influences and results of war, were not confined to Boston, nor concentrated there. The three chief capitals of the old colonies were equally cursed by the residence of a foreign army. But New York and Philadelphia did not on that account become Unitarian cities. It is absurd for any writer to hoodwink himself, and to endeavor to hoodwink simple-minded readers up in the country with such trumpery.

Let us take one instant's broad glance of the facts from which a writer has to proceed who undertakes to account for the origin and spread of Unitarianism in Boston.

The place, as is well known, was settled a little more than two hundred years ago, under the most rigid influences of unmitigated Calvinism. A race of men signally devoted, pious, faithful, and self-denying, but not remarkably wise, and not at all tolerant or magnanimous, formed the first band, and was reinforced by others of like traits. If ever there was a place on earth where Calvinism had a chance to root itself and perpetuate itself, it was here. But here it has run out. How happened it? There is not a single church in the city, in which are preached from the pulpit, the views and tenets of the fathers, nor a single church body whose members regard their covenant duties in the same light. There is indeed a pretence on the part of some to hold the same creed and doctrines with their fathers. But the farmers upon the rich garden farms around Boston, might as well say that they till the same soil, and practise the same husbandry with their ancestors. Where are the old rocks and stumps against which the plough used to strike? What effect has the draining, the softening and mixing of the soil had? What change has been made by the heaps of loam and composts and enriching materials which have been piled upon our fields? Our farmers do plough the same territorial grounds, but they find their work a little less rigorous and severe, amid more comforts and ease. We apprehend that the same may be said of our excellent brethren who profess to hold the creed of the fathers. The rocks and stumps have been grubbed out; there has been some draining and softening and mixing, to get at the 'substance of doctrine,' and Calvinism in the household, in the shop and about the streets, as well as in the churches, seems to bear with it some moderate degree of comfort and ease beyond what it had for our austere fathers.

Now the same causes which have softened and mitigated Calvinism are those which formed Unitarianism, or developed it. Let any one who would do justice to this subject, trace the operation of causes, long and slowly working, which showed for one result, the conversion of a large body of ministers and church members from the dogmas in which they had been educated, and for another result the modification of the opinions and measures of those who claimed still to stand by the old standards. There is no occasion for mean and covert insinuations against the integrity of men who acted in broad day light, in the exercise of their own highest powers, and under a sense of responsibility. A generation of ministers educated as Calvinists while pursuing the duties of their office, honored and trusted by their respective parishioners, found occasion to qualify, to soften, to change the dogmatic views which had been instilled into them from their childhood. Had they a right to do this?

Orthodox writers often argue this matter as if the ministers of that day had been bound to go before some tribunal and announce the successive modifications of opinion through which they passed; that as their inquiries pursued through each week led them to alter some doctrinal view, they should have proclaimed on each Sabbath just how far the change had progressed. But to whom were these Independent Congregational Ministers accountable? Towards whom did they practice concealment? Who had authority to demand of them an announcement by a weekly bulletin of the phases of their speculative opinions? The whole force of the imputations cast upon the character and integrity of the New-England Unitarians consists in the assumption that they were not at liberty to yield themselves to the convictions which gradually forced themselves upon their minds. The whole charge [illegible] a cunning plot, of a studied concealment of [illegible] esies, is devised as an easy method of accou[illegible] ing for the remarkable secession from Calvini[illegible] Unwilling candidly to acknowledge the influe[illegible] of slowly working causes which have modi[illegible] all that remains of orthodoxy, as well as se[illegible] ed a signal triumph to liberal views of Christ[illegible] ity our brethren on the other side do not admi[illegible] the natural and reasonable explanation o[illegible] striking an incident in our ecclesiastical hi[illegible] tory.

Had we not already trespassed beyond the lim[illegible] its of a newspaper article, we should be glad t[illegible] have our say about the 'causes of Unitarian[illegible] in Boston.' We believe that a close regar[illegible] to the facts of the case will offer to any well[illegible] informed person a lucid solution of what s[illegible] would make a very dark problem. We shall take an early opportunity to verify this position by stating such facts with comments. E.

For the Register.

GLANCE AT THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF POLAND.

The distinguished part which Poland performed during the rise of the great Monarchies of Europe by the force of her arms, she has continued to perform during the rise of modern European Republicanism, by the power of her misfortunes. For nearly a century her name has been a watchword among people struggling to be free, and poet, orator, and soldier, have spoken it not in vain, when they would show forth the nature of the tyrannical system that sought to annihilate a nation by the dismemberment of her territory. Strange reverse, memorable contrast! The nation which in the ninth century swayed the territory from which Russia, Prussia, and Austria have since sprung into being, falls in the eighteenth century a prey to the rapacity of these upstart monarchies. The nation which in the seventeenth century, under the brave Sobiesky delivered Europe from the Moslem invader, presents herself in the nineteenth century as a champion of the cross, by virtue not of her victories but her sufferings. Her name has been heard in every movement for political liberty, and many a man whose temperament is not easily inflamed by Fourth of July oratory, takes fire as the wrongs of Poland are presented to him by the muse of Campbell or the eloquence of Lamartine. Not inaptly has a recent Polish author compared the fate of his country to that of the Saviour of man—her influence mightiest after her humiliation—her crown resting upon her cross.

Our aim is not to speak of the political hopes of Poland, nor to trace the history of her recent struggles and misfortunes, but simply to point out in her protracted theological strifes some of the causes of her civil dissensions and disasters. We are led to this by the perusal of Count Krasinski's History of the Reformation in Poland—a valuable work for the loan of which we are indebted to the kindness of a Polish gentleman, whose own mild and manly spirit tempts us to conjecture what his nation might have been, had such a temper ever animated her councils.

Of the three great migrations that have successively passed into Europe, the Celtic, the Gothic, the Slavonic, the Poles belong to the last, and for ages were the great representatives of the Slavonic race in Europe. There is reason to believe that the Slavonians were visited by Missionaries from the Oriental Church as early as the seventh century, and tradition maintains that the apostle Andrew had penetrated their idolatrous wilds. But whatever may have been the success of earlier attempts, the honor of establishing Christianity among the Slavonians belongs to Cyril and Methodius, priests of the Greek Church. Worship was held in the national language, and the communion was administered in both kinds according to the usages of the Eastern Church. The Romish See soon showed great jealousy of the influence of the Greek Patriarch—a jealousy which became the more intense at the final schism between East and West in 1054.

Although Christianity was first established within portions of the Polish territory by Greek missionaries in the ninth century, it was not professed by the ruling powers until the year 965, when Mieczyslaw received baptism, and on account of his desire of securing the favor of the Roman Catholic Emperor, the rites of Rome were celebrated in Poland instead of the National Liturgy which had been before established in Moravia. The throne however was not disposed to submit to the dictation of the Roman See, and under the iron rule of Gregory VII., the Polish King was excommunicated for causing the death of the Bishop of Cracow. The expulsion of the king gave new power to the Roman clergy, and the first ecclesiastical synod in Poland, (1180) protected the property of deceased bishops from the hands of the sovereign. Still the strifes between the civil and spiritual powers continued, resulting to the advantage now of one party and now of the other. The kings however succeeded in retaining the right of nominating bishops.

It may reasonably be presumed that since worship in the vernacular tongue and the communion in two kinds had been introduced into Poland, that there would be not a few churches and minds disposed to favor the more scriptural views of religion which were maintained by various sects in Europe before the Lutheran Reformation. There is evidence of sympathy in Poland with the Waldenses as early as the 12th century, and within the borders of Poland there were those who like Pirnensis in 1341, anticipated the movement of Huss for reform.

Of course Poland could not be indifferent to the commotion raised in Bohemia by Huss, the virtual disciple of Wickliff. Bohemia and Poland were intimately connected. Their language was almost the same, and their generous youth met at the University of Prague. At the memorable Council of Constance, (1414) the Polish influence was wholly given in favor of Huss, and his condemnation and execration raised a storm throughout Poland. A Polish prince is sent with an army to the relief of the Hussites, and the Reform party has a public hearing in the University of Cracow. Friendly relations continued to exist between Poland and Bohemia, and the rights of the Hussite party were defended by the Polish crown for many years. Of course it was not to be expected that the reform doctrines should advance in Poland as in Bohemia, since in the latter country hatred of Germany combined with the intrinsic power of the new views to make popery odious.

The fifteenth century was in many respects auspicious for Poland, and was marked by literary progress and signs of a disposition to make the nation independent of the Pope.

At the outbreak of the Lutheran Reformation [illegible] the 16th century, Poland was obviously pre[illegible] red to echo the defiance which the Monk of [illegible] Wittemberg hurled at the Vatican. Polish-[illegible] Prussia took the lead, and other districts were [illegible] not slow to follow. The movement was so [illegible] prominent as to alarm the throne, and Sigis[illegible] mund gave a severe check to the Reform party. [illegible] The Roman Catholics of course left no stone [illegible] unturned, and the cause of reform was in danger [illegible] of being crushed. Yet the effort was stoutly [illegible] resisted, and soon in addition to the former par[illegible] ties opposed to Rome—the Greek and Hussite [illegible] Churches—two new companies of antagonists [illegible] appeared—the followers of Luther and Calvin, [illegible] or the Lutheran and Helvetic churches, not to [illegible] ly anything of the Unitarian churches.

Two personages occupy the central place in the Polish church during the period so decisive of its destiny—the Roman bishop Hosius and the Protestant Laski or Alasco, the friend of Erasmus and Cranmer. Laski aimed to unite the anti-papal churches in a friendly and defensive alliance. Hosius strove to bring Poland wholly under Jesuit rule, and put down all dissent. Laski might have prevailed and the Polish church might have enjoyed a thorough renewal and emancipation, had the life of Sigismund Augustus been spared, but in his death, the reformation met with a sad rebuff. Hosius in a great measure succeeds, and the introduction of the Jesuits indicates the religious future of Poland. The victory of the spiritual militia of Laynez was by no means instantaneous, for in 1572, eight years after the entrance of the Jesuits, the Protestant cause stood stronger than ever, and only the king's death checked its advance. From the date of Sigismund's decease matters went badly with the Protestants, and after various fluctuations Romanism seated itself pretty firmly in Poland.

Krasinszki remarks that there has been a remarkable coincidence between the fortunes of Protestantism and of Poland. This is true, and by Protestantism we would understand the cause not merely of the three Trinitarian denominations who combined under the league of Freedom, but of the principle of liberty of conscience. To our view this principle received its fatal blow in the expulsion of the Polish Unitarians in 1660, by the Papists' dictation, and without opposition from the Trinitarian Protestants. The Jesuits were thus emboldened by one act of successful tyranny to attempt more, and the riots at Rakow were in time succeeded by the murders of Thorn, (1725).

The Jesuits have made of Poland a kind of inland Spain. Spiritual despotism in the press has combined with contempt of labor among the gentry and freemen to rob Sarmatia of her strength, and strip her of all power but the force of misery in exciting compassion.

Let us still hope for Poland. Her new literature breathes of liberty and humanity. Let the free nations of Europe favor her political restoration, and a respect for industry on the part of her sons secure her prosperity in the arts of peace.

Krasinszki, Episcopalian as he seems to be, says much of the Polish Unitarians whose rise he dates from a much earlier period than the usual time designated. He thinks their theological influence to have been very disastrous, yet honors their talents, scholarship and character. The accomplished Italian Lismanini he seems to think the founder of the Polish school of Unitarians. He figured in a secret society established at Cracow previous to 1540, and had the countenance of some of the best scholars and thinkers of the country and age. We may recur to the history of the Polish Unitarians hereafter.

O.

For the Register.

COMMENCEMENT AT PRINCETON.

PRINCETON, N. J. July 3, 1848,

In the course of a brief visit to some of the more important points of interest in Middle and Eastern New Jersey, I have jotted down a few topics which may possibly engage the attention of your readers without taxing their patience.

My starting place shall be Princeton, where I had the pleasure of participating in the various exercises of the 101st Commencement of the venerable College of New Jersey. The address or oration before the two literary societies on Tuesday afternoon last, drew together a large audience, as is customary, but on this occasion somewhat increased in numbers and eagerness of expectation by the fame of the young orator, Walter Preston, Esq. a recent graduate of the Institution, and now, I believe, a lawyer in the City of New York.

The opening of the address was 'beautiful exceedingly' in matter, and graceful in manner, and as the speaker progressed, his own mind and the minds of his auditors rose and glowed and seemed to sweep onward and upward in all the luxury of intellectual enjoyment, when suddenly overcome by the extreme heat acting upon a frame physically weak, the orator fainted, and was borne away from the house, amidst the mingled disappointment and sympathy of the assembly.

The Commencement proper took place on Wednesday last. The senior class, numbering 71 members, was made up almost exclusively of young men from States south of N. York, showing, apparently, that the Eastern States generally prefer their own Colleges. This may be on account of the greater convenience and, in most cases, less expense, of a New England education for its own sons; but I presume there is an additional reason in the impression entertained at the east that southern influence is too predominant at Princeton.

The public exercises of the young men of the graduating class, struck me as of a fair medium quality, as regarded thought and composition, but between these addresses and the general run of the performances in almost every respectable eastern institution, there was one marked difference—in Princeton, there is profound veneration for the past—in New England, earnest hope for the future. The golden age of Princeton lies back among the things of the past—that of New England is yet to be enjoyed; the former mournfully contemplate as among departed things the brightest eras of literature and religion—the latter joyfully believe and proclaim that a better and brighter day than the world has ever seen, is preparing to dawn upon it. Which of these two classes of thinkers is likely to exert the best influence upon their age, I must leave for your readers to decide.

The Theological Seminary belonging to the Presbyterian Church, (old school) located at Princeton, the influence of which is strongly felt in the College, tends still further to increase that sentiment of veneration for the past. The great aim of old school Presbyterianism, is to keep as

...ly as possible to the doctrinal models of the fathers. The dust of Edwards is worth more to Princeton than all the brilliant discoveries of the present century.

The removal by death not long since of Professor Dodd, one of the most lovely men, and brilliant intellects that graced American literature; and still more recently, the transfer of Professor Henry from the chair of Natural Philosophy at Princeton, to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, have been a sore loss to the College here. Professor Torrey, of New York, was chosen to supply the place of the latter, but whether he will accept the appointment is not yet known.

The location of Princeton is in the midst of a beautiful country, and is besides, the field upon which some of the most thrilling incidents of the Revolutionary war occurred. The battle fought here, for the numbers engaged, was attended with very heavy loss, particularly of officers, on our side. The spot where the brave and accomplished General Mercer fell, pierced with thirteen bayonet wounds, is accurately known and pointed out, and the house to which he was carried and in which he died after some days of excruciating agony, is still standing

The College, previously to this battle, was in possession of the British troops, by whom it was converted into a military barrack, the ground floor serving the purpose of a stable. They were dislodged by Washington, at the close of the battle above referred to, who turned his artillery upon its walls. It is a curious historical incident, that the first ball directed against it, pierced the wall and went through the head of a portrait of George III., which hung in the principal hall. The same frame still hangs in the same spot, but is filled with a portrait of Washington, instead of the British monarch.

The near approach of the anniversary of Independence, and the preparations for celebrating it, which meet the eye at this season, give an increased glow to the feelings with which one contemplates every event of the revolution.—Even the great hearts and far-seeing vision of our fathers could but imperfectly comprehend the grandeur and glory of that future whose foundations they laid in their own blood on the fields of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth.—They did know that they battled for the right, and that was enough to nerve them to do and endure and die. But as the ancient prophets understood not the full meaning of their own utterances, so neither did the patriots whose blood moistened this soil, make an approach towards the comprehension of the height and depth, the length and breadth of the glorious results to possess and the world, of their sufferings and sacrifices in that war which gave us freedom.

The people of New Jersey bore an honorable part in the struggle of the revolution, and endured probably more than their share of the sacrifices demanded by the times that tried men's souls. There are few villages or neighborhoods in all this region, which did not feel the iron heel of the oppressor, whose enmity extended not only to those whom they found in arms, but to the peaceful and quiet, and even to the ministers of religion and the houses of worship, quite a number of which latter were wantonly burnt.

But I am exhausting my limits, and, I am afraid, your patience, and will close.

Truly yours, VIATOR.

For the Register.

MEADVILLE SCHOOL.

The fourth year of this Institution is just closed. But it has not closed without leaving an impression upon the minds of those, who attended the concluding exercises, that its history has only commenced, that the good it is destined to accomplish is only in vague prediction and that the eminence to which it bids fair to rise, will in time far exceed expectation. The past year has been a year of trial to the school, but it is uninjured, it has come out unscathed, and the prospects for the future are as bright and cheering as they ever were since its commencement. It will be interesting probably to say a word or two respecting the Anniversary exercises which have just terminated. On no previous year have they been so interesting, solemn or impressive, or so well attended as on this. On Wednesday evening the Rev. Professor Hosmer of Buffalo preached the sermon before the graduating class. His text was Matt. x, 34; 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace but a sword." We would willingly give the outline of this discourse were we able, but we can only communicate impressions. The great object of the sermon was, if we mistake not, to show that christianity, designed as it is to save by reforming, to elevate above all that is wrong, must come in severe collision with every thing opposed to its truths and spirit, be it found in individuals or families, in church or state; that it must do its work, whatever may be its consequences, peace or dispersecution or death, and yet that it is truly conservative, promoting, securing and establishing as it does the highest and most enduring interests of mankind. He also endeavored to impress the students before him, as well as the audience, that the reformation of the ages, principles, habits and institutions of society aimed at by christianity, was placed in their hands; that the sword of the spirit was in their possession, not however to rust—but to be used—and used not merely to break the outward incrustations of sin, but to be buried in its very heart. In listening to the sermon we felt as certain as we do of our own existence that Christ reigns, and reigns only to conquer, that to him every knee must bow, every institution yield, every Kingdom submit, and the whole world render obedience. We saw error fleeing like the mist of the morning, sin both in high places and in low places reluctantly giving up the ghost, the whole order of things assuming another aspect, the desert becoming a fruitful field, the crooked places straight and the rough places plain. We went away with the impression that there was a work to be done, that it must be done, and that we must do it. We felt deeply, and we have not forgot the feeling, that christianity was a sword not to destroy good but evil, that its spirit was reform, but not anarchy, that it was change, but not extinction, destruction, and yet conservatism. The seed was not sown in vain. A large audience listened with deep attention. May it be watered from heaven, and produce abundant fruit. On Thursday, at 9 o'clock, the Faculty, Trustees, Donors and students of the school, walked in procession from Divinity Hall to the Church. The house, for the first time on such an occasion, presented an unusual and encouraging contrast with preceding years; showing that public interest in the school is increasing, that people are less afraid of heresy, and that in spite of their spiritual teachers and guides, they will judge and act for themselves. After prayer offered by Professor Hosmer, the exercises of the day commenced. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars respecting them. The hymns written by the students for the occasion, were beautiful and exceedingly appropriate, and the performances of the graduating class were both very pleasing and edifying. High ground was taken in doctrine and duty.—Error was not spared. Truth was spoken plainly. Exclusiveness and inconsistent protestantism did not escape, and sin, no where and in no form, had quarter. Strength was not sacrificed to ornament, nor point and energy to polish and tameness. The style and thought of some, the spirit and life of others and the matter of fact and novel character of a third class, kept the whole audience for three hours awake and attentive.

The address to the graduates, by the President, was deeply solemn and affecting. It made no light impression upon the minds of many of the audience. Their emotions were seen in their altered countenances and suffused eyes.—The occasion will be long remmbered. It was a time of feeling, of association's power, of remembrances, when the heart speaks, when the present, the past and the future, all crowd upon the mind, and call for language but can find none, when all we can say for those who are leaving us for fresh scenes of action is, Lord bless them, guide them, save them. In such a state of mind we listened to the closing address and prayer. May we never forget the spirit of them.

Hamilton, July 3, 1848. R. H.

For the Register.

THE VITALITY OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

We are often met by the mournful complaint, that piety has lost its hold upon the people, and the fire of religious zeal seems dying out. Clergymen themselves, are not backward in casting such reproach upon the people of their own charge; clergymen, possessing high gifts, native and acquired, often seem to the anxious observer, to be laboring in the sacred vineyard in vain; holy fruits are not produced; people attend to and observe the established ordinances of worship, they assume the form of godliness, while "the power thereof" seems to be wanting.

The voice of the out-door world, too prone to cast reproach upon the sacred profession, proclaims this coldness of heart, and religious indifference, to be chargeable to the short comings of religious Pastors.

Is the charge rightly imputed, or is the larger half of the blame owing to a want of co-operation of the laymen, and due sympathy of heart, and reciprocity of acts of a religious bearing, wherein the prosperity of Parishes are concerned. The common people or the Lay portion of society, expect and seem to demand too much of the clerical profession. Instead of taking an active part in the various secondary duties connected with, and making an important part of the work of religious duty, by which the heart and hands of their minister would be encouraged and strengthened, they seem not only to lean upon him to guide them to Heaven, and to open the gate for their admission, but stand, motionless in the way, as though waiting his approach that he may take them, one by one, upon his shoulders, and bear them thither. The distance and the *gulph* I may say, which has long separated Pastor and people, is happily growing less wide and deep; but there is still ground of complaint—laymen are too sparing of their labors. A writer in a late Register has given some sound advice to young clergymen, and touched upon many points worthy of sober consideration; supplementary to which I would say, that officiousness on the part of 'old women' (which term embraces many men) should be avoided. Familiarity with our minister is desirable, but it must be dignified. Garrulity and frivolty savor neither of wit or wisdom. Do not annoy with advice about little unimportant domestic matters. It cannot be necessary to give instructions, how to tie the strings of a night cap, or to fold a surplice. Do not obtrude upon your Pastor, nor interrupt his hours of study, except in cases of emergency. Visits, even calls, should not be too frequent, nor like those of angels, few and far between—the one may interrupt, the other tend to coldness. It is well, and desirable, for parishioners to place their own minister in the first rank of the profession—such disposition and feelings tend to happy results; but do not run after him on all occasions as though he alone is thought worthy of your regard. By so doing you create disgust, invite ridicule, and force your Paster to say in his heart if not otherwise, 'my most zealous friends are in truth, my worst enemies.' It has been said to be dangerous to bestow unqualified praise on every act and performance, as is the practice of many in a Society, blessed with an able and popular Teacher—no man or woman can merit such encomium, and weak minds and morbid imaginations only indulge in such extravagance. Happy for the christian would that clergymen and laymen are fast approaching each other with the extended hand of fellowship and love. When all shall unite heart and hand as mutual helpers in the social and religious duties of life, earth will be rendered less the abode of grief and sorrow, and Heaven more the subject of deep contemplation, and constant delight.

A LAYMAN.

Roxbury, July 4th, 1848.

For the Register.

INSTALLATION OF REV. H. F. EDES AT WOBURN.

On Thursday, July 6th, in the afternoon, Rev. Henry Francis Edes, formerly of the South Congregational Society in Nantucket, was installed minister of the Unitarian Society in Woburn. The services of the occasion were as follows. 1. Voluntary by the Choir; 2. Prayer and Reading the Scriptures, by Mr. Randolph, of Woburn (Universalist); 3. Hymn, "Come thou Almighty King;" 4. Sermon by Mr. Huntington, of Boston; 5. Hymn, "Giver of peace and unity;" 6. Prayer of Installation, by Mr Stetson of Medford; 7. Address to the People by Mr. R. S. Edes, of Bolton; 8. Hymn, "O Thou, who on thy chosen Son;" 9. Benediction, by the Pastor.

Mr. Huntington's text was 2 Cor. v: 18—last clause—"The ministry of reconciliation." The subject considered in a threefold point of view, 1st, as the reconciliation of one Christian denomination with another, 2nd, as the reconciliation of man with man, 3d, as the reconciliation of man with God, was most beautifully unfolded, illustrated and enforced, and must have left a salutary impression upon the mind of every hearer.

The society at Woburn is new, but is starting under encouraging auspices. May all their future course be as prosperous, as their beginning is promising. R.

For the Register.

PORTRAITS IN CRAYON. The productions of a few master-hands in this department of painting, has not only created a taste for such things, but has made a demand on the art, which many, with various degrees of success, have attempted to supply.

In a late visit to Philadelphia I had an opportunity of viewing, with great surprise and pleasure, some portraits by a young artist of that city—Mr. W. H. Furness Jr., which give fair promise of greater things from his future efforts.

I said *young artist*. This is an appellation, I know, which is bestowed with greater freedom than justice, on many who show some early signs of but little more than ordinary power in the use of the pencil. Yet years of toil by such, drawn out through a false estimate of talent and the flattery of friends, have rarely produced what might fairly be called an *artist*, and never, a *genius*.

In the specimens I have mentioned, by Mr. Furness, there is not only great ease and accuracy of drawing, and a just management of light shadow, but there is full evidence of that degree of inspiration in the artist, which enables him to sieze, at the most favorable moments, and fix by his touch, those marks of the divine in the human face which beam from the eye, quiver on the lip, and give life to every muscle.

I hardly need wish Mr. F. success in his delightful pursuit; it will surely follow the genius and devotedness which he possesses as effect followeth cause. F. F. J.

NOTICE TO COLLEGES AND THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.—The Publisher of Dr. Channing's Works has been directed by a gentleman of this city to furnish a copy gratuitously to all such Colleges and Theological Schools in the United States as have not in their libraries the writings of Rev. Dr. Channing.

Orders from the Presidents or librarians of the above named Institutions will be immediately answered by the Publisher, George G. Channing, at the office of the Christian World, No 128 Washington street (up stairs.)

Publishers of papers who may feel disposed to second this liberal movement, are requested to give an insertion of the above notice.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC OBSERVER AND THE BOSTON PILOT. The former denounces the latter as "anti-Catholic" and guilty of "heresy and falsehood." The latter pronounces the denunciations of the former, "uncharitable and scurrilous."

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS. The following have been established under the patronage of the Presbyterian church, within the last year:

9 in N. Y.; 4 in N. J.; 2 in Pa.; 1 in Del.; 1 in Md.; 1 in O.; 4 in Ia.; 6 in Ky.; 2 in Va.; 1 in Tenn.; 2 in Ga.; 3 in Ala.; 2 in La. Nine of them receive aid from the Pres. Board of Education.

ACTION OF UNIVERSALISTS, ON TESTS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP. The Indiana State Convention, recently passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That this convention express its solemn conviction, that in order for one to be regarded as a Christian minister, with regard to faith, he must believe the Bible account of the life, teachings, miracles, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

The Ontario (N. Y.) Association of Universalists, at its last session on the 15th inst., adopted the following amendment to its Constitution:

Amendment The seventh article of the Constitution was so amended as to read as follows:

'ART. 7. This Association shall appoint three of its members a committee on Fellowship and Ordination. It shall be their duty to receive requests for letters of Fellowship, and to make suitable inquiries into the moral character of the applicants and their ministerial qualifications, and report their doings to the Association immediately after its organization, in annual council. And no applicant shall be deemed duly qualified to preach unless he believes the *Bible to be the only special, and sufficient Revelation from God*,—and further that he fully subscribe to the Gospel history of the life, miracles, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ as the truth of God. They shall also receive requests for ordination, institute the needed inquiries, and report to the council without necessary delay.'

The following resolution was offered at the Ohio State Convention, June 10th.

In view of the speculative theological questions which appear to agitate the Christian church,

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that in order for a man to be regarded as a Christian he should believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament contain a special revelation from God, and that he should also believe in the teachings, miracles and resurrection of Jesus Christ, as recorded by the Evangelists and Apostles.

After a free and warm expression of opinions, the resolution was adopted by an ALMOST UNANIMOUS vote. [Trumpet.

GEN. ASSOC. OF MASS. This body held its opening session on Tuesday 27th ult., and continued together until Thursday afternoon. We abridge from the account in the Puritan:—

On Wednesday morning, a Report was presented by Rev. Dr. Beecher, chairman of a Committee appointed last year "to consider what is desirable to be done to secure the attention, sympathy and co-operation of the younger members of our congregation, and to enlist young men in the service of Christ." This report had a distinct reference to our present system of Common School education, and the Board having charge of the same. The report was adopted, and ordered to be printed.

On Thursday, Rev. D. T. P. STONE moved that the vote of yesterday to print the report presented by Dr. Beecher be reconsidered. A discussion arose and was somewhat protracted, having reference to common school education under the *regime* of the Board of Education acting under Legislative authority. The motion not to print the report finally prevailed. To the Committee of five appointed yesterday afternoon to make investigation in reference to this subject, two names were added—Rev. Dr. Peters of Williamstown, and Rev. Mr. Withington of Newburyport.

The reports on the state of religion, &c., from the District Associations had nothing very marked in them. As to *revivals*, some few were reported in diffgent parts of the State, but upon most of the churches neither dew nor rain has descended. The additions to the churches, we should judge, would rather exceed the removals by death and other causes. As to *Temperance*, the reports were various from different portions of the State. In some sections, the cause was represented as making progress, in others, stationary, while in some parts it was thought to be losing ground.

As to *Sabbath schools*, the statements were generally encouraging. In regard to the observance of the *Sabbath*, there was generally concurrent testimony, that an improvement was going on. There were perhaps, two or three exceptions to the above.

As to the *benevolent spirit* of the churches, the testimony from most of the Associations was gratifying.

[The following, dated London, June 20th, from Elihu Burritt, appeared in the Christian Citizen last week.]

PEACE CONVENTION IN PARIS. Arrangements are in progress for holding a three days' Peace Convention in Paris, during the last week in August next. At the first Annual meeting of the British Branch of the League of Universal Brotherhood, held in the Hall of Commerce, London, on the 29th of May, it was resolved that steps should be taken to secure a deputation of 200 members of the Association, from Great Britain, to take part in this Convention, also deputations of the friends of Peace from America and other countries. An arrangement will be affected with the railway companies, and parties in Paris, by which the whole expense to each deputy, from London to Paris and back, including all the charges on the way and while in Paris, will not exceed *twenty dollars*. The deputation will leave London on Tuesday morning and arrive in Paris on the evening of the same day; remain three days in that city, and return on Saturday. Return tickets will be taken for *ten days*; so that persons wishing to remain seven days in France, may do so at the additional expense of five dollars. An English hotel in Paris has agreed to furnish liberal accommodations to the deputation, and no member will have any bills to settle, or any personal embarrassments to experience on the way; but every care will be taken to divest the trip of all those inconveniences which attend individual journies to Paris. It will afford an excellent opportunity for visiting that metropolis. The cheapness, comfort, and company by the way, the reception in Paris, the spirit and object of the movement, all will conspire to render it a pleasant and profitable excursion to the friends of human brotherhood.

This Convention will probably be preliminary to a grand World's Convention a year hence, at some central point on the Continent, to which, we trust, a large and special deputation from America may be secured. But, although the time is short, we trust that some members of the League in America, may be coming to England in course of the summer, so as to join the deputation of there English brethren in London.

HOUSE OF REFUGE.—On the 1st inst. the foundation stone of a new House of Refuge for coloured persons, was laid in the northern section of Philadelphia. The lot is 400 feet by 210

IMMIGRANTS.—The number of immigrants arrived at New York in the month of June, was 23,047; and during the six months ending June 30th, 85,782.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS BY THE CALEDONIA. This steamer was intercepted at Halifax, on her way to New York, by the Buena Vista, which arrived at this port on Saturday P. M., bringing the news to be transmitted to New York by telegraph, and to be published in the *Traveller* and *Journal*.

ENGLAND. Mr. Hume's motion, which came up on the 20th in the House of Commons, was discussed by him in a long and able speech, and opposed by Lord John Russel, Messrs. Drummond and D'Israeli, and then adjourned till the 23d.

The new charter of Mr. Hume's party embraces "four points," namely: to extend the elective franchise to householders; to take the votes by ballot; to limit the duration of Parliaments to three years; and to adopt a new electoral arrangement in the apportionment of members, so as to divide the number of electors more equally, and to give population a greater weight relatively to property. Mr. Hume, in the course of his speech, added a fifth "point," namely: "the abolition of the property qualification."

Lord John Russell in the course of his speech expressed a wish to give an extension of suffrage—to give, for instance, the depositors in the savings' banks and others, a right of suffrage; and he added: "latterly the public mind had been turned to these questions and to several others, and I do think that the time will come, and perhaps it is not far distant, when reforms of this nature might be enacted, and might tend to improvement."

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.—Thus far had our compositors proceeded in setting up the type, when the *Niagara* arrived, on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, bearing later intelligence still, and the summary we had previously prepared with considerable labor was set aside. The scattering clouds that have so long looked threateningly in *France*, have at last gathered together, and like two awful showers meeting together in the heavens, the collision and the effects have been awful. *Fifteen thousand* person have been killed in the struggle to maintain order against anarchy, liberty against the tyranny of the mob—an immense sacrifice indeed, and relieved to our feelings only by the fact that liberty and order triumphed! God be praised that these were not sacrificed!

We copy from Charles Willmer's Times the account of the death of the Archbishop of Paris as follows:—

On Sunday, he left the Archbishopric at half past five, to wait upon General Cavaignac, to ask him if it were forbidden to him to go amongst the insurgents to carry them words of peace and conciliation.

The General replied that he could not take upon himself to give any advive; that such a step was certainly highly perilous, but that at all events he himself could not but be very grateful, and that he was convinced the whole population of Paris would be greatly moved at it.

The archbishop then said he was resolved. He returned in haste to his palace, took some personal precautions, and at about eight o'clock presented himself at the foot of the column of the Bastile. Many of the representatives tendered their services to accompany him, but were rejected. His two grand vicars were his sole companions.

The military authority ordered the firing to be stopped, a branch was broken from a tree on the boulevard, and this sign of peace was the only one which preceded the prelate; and the two ecclesiastics ascended the barricade, where the insurgents had received, but a few moments before, an envoy announcing to them the step taken by the archbishop.

Scarcely had the venerable pastor pronounced some words expressive of his love and charity, when a shot was fired, as if by chance, no one could discern from what side. It caused the greatest agitation amongst the insurgents. They immediately discharged their muskets. The mobile guard re-posted with energy. The nature of the wound gives every reason to believe that the shot must have been fired downwards, as from a window. The archbishop dropped down, shot in the loins, and was immediately lifted up by the insurgents, and conveyed by them to their quarter, to the house of the Cure des Quinse-Vignts. He was there attended by one of the surgeons of the insurgents, and the next day when the negociations for a truce were commenced, he was placed on a litter and conveyed to his palace. The state of the venerable patient became more alarming from hour to hour. He had received the last sacrements before he left the Faubourg St. Antoine, fearing lest he should breathe his last before he reached his residence, and shortly afterwards, without testifying any emotion, he ceased to exist.—[Daily News.

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening, July 17th, at the Vestry of Pitts Street Chapel, at 7½ o'clock.

An interesting subject will be presented for consideration and discussion.

july15 T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 6th, Mr George M. Dexter to Miss Martha S. Eaton, both of Boston.

July 2d, at the "First Christian Church," by Elder E. Edmunds, Mr Edward R. Dorr to Miss Eliza A. Pitman.

In Sterling, Mr Samuel T. Sawyer to Mrs Abigail Gilson.

In Newburyport, April 20th, Mr Sidney F. Whitehouse to Miss Elizabeth Ann Dodge, both of Boston.

By Rev Mr Higginson, John C. Paige to Miss Sarah S. Post.

In Lowell, June 29th, Mr Daniel F. Clark, to Miss Eliza J. Bailey.

July 2d, by Rev Mr Miles, Mr Charles Henry Penn to Miss Ellen Hoyle, both of Lowell.

In Standish Me, June 28th, by Rev Mr Gerry, Mr Theodore M. Bradbury to Miss Lucy A. Chadbourne.

In Claremont, N. H., 29th ult, by Rev Mr Willis, Mr A. Brown of Springfield, Vt., to Miss Sarah Mansor of the former town.

In Providence, R. I., Mr James E. Botts, Jr., to Miss Catharine Emma, only daughter of Stephen Perry, Esq., all of that city.

In Thompson, Conn., 25th ult, Mr Daniel B. Luther of Warren, R. I., to Miss Amanda E. Earle of Providence.

In New York city, June 22d, by Rev G. W. Briggs, Dr Adolph W. C. Callisen (son of Etatsrath Professor A. Callisen of Altona), to Ellen Getta, daughter of F. S. Schlesinger.

At Cedar Grove, Fishkill Landing, N. Y., on the evening of the 26th ultimo, by Rev Mr Farley of Brooklyn, Mr Gabriel Furman, Jr., of the house of Bradner & Co., of New York city, to Miss Isabella, daughter of John P. De Wint of the former place.

In New Orleans, Mr Gurdon C. Fory of New York to Miss Louisa C. Whitney of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 4th, of dysentery, Walter Scott, only child of Thomas W., and Adeline Camm, 2 years 11 months.

6th inst, Amos Smith, infant son of John and Hannah H. Sargent, 1 month.

8th inst, Mr Bryant Brigham of Westboro', 53.

In Charlestown, Friday morning, July 7th, of consumption, Chas. D. Balfour, recently of Matanzas, Cuba, in the 4th year of his age.

5th inst, Mr Warren Taylor, 59; 6th inst, Miss Emeline, daughter of Joseph and Frinda Chickering, 17 yrs 7 mos.

In Lincoln, 6th inst, Charles Wheeler, Esq., 75.

In Bridgewater, 3d inst, Elizabeth C., wife of Micah Pope of Quincy, 25.

In Kingston, 5th inst, Sarah Russell, only daughter of Rev. A. R. Pope, 4 mos.

In Southborough, 4th inst, Alexander Marsh, Esq. in the 67th year of his age.

As a member of the First Congregational Society and Church in Southborough—as a husband, father, neighbor, citizen, Mr Marsh was truly exemplary and highly respected. May his example instruct his surviving relatives and acquaintance, and the memory of his virtues be long cherished in their hearts.

In Easton, 29th ult, Capt Barzillai Dean, 54; killed by the falling of a stone from the roof of a tomb. It is not a little remarkable that he is the third brother of the same family who has been accidently killed within a few years—one by being run over by a loaded wagon, and another by falling from a hay loft.

In Canterbury, N. H., Shaker Village, June 21, Micajah Tucker, 84, one of the founders thereof, and for many years one of their leading Elders.

In Addison, Me., 21st ult, Mr William Merritt, 98 yrs 9 mos—a soldier of the Revolution.

In Providence, R. I., 29th ult, John Francis, infant son of Charles D. and Elizabeth W. Greene, 11 mos.

In New York, 29th ult, Elizabeth J., wife of D. E. Wheeler, Esq., and daughter of Hon. Wm. Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vt.

In St. Louis, Mo., Mrs Sarah B., wife of Professor Thomas H. Perry, 38.

THE Boston Mercantile Journal, of March 25, 1846, gives the following notice of the most popular remedy of the day:

WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

We speak in praise of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, because we believe from our own knowledge of the article that it is one of the best in the market for the complaints for which it is recommended.

This medicine, coming from such a respectable source and carefully prepared by an experienced and skilful physician, is received by the public with confidence.—Its efficacy has been proved in many obstinate cases of disease, and its fame has rapidly extended. It has been extensively used in every part of the country, particularly in the middle and Northern States; and strong testimony from intelligent and highly respectable persons, has been adduced in favor of its merits as a remedy for colds and coughs, affections of the chest, diseased liver and dyspepsia.

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THE Subscribers would ask the particular attention of Clergymen, and of Churches and Societies generally, to this new and highly approved Collection of Hymns for Public Worship, prepared expressly to meet the wants of the societies of our denomination. The compilers have endeavored to prepare a more lyrical collection than most of those now in use, better adapted for singing, and containing a greater variety of metres. They have sought to make the book what the present state of our churches and societies demands, and have consulted, for that purpose, not only different clergymen, but leaders of choirs, and many other persons of taste and judgment.

Although this book has been published but four years, it is now used in *forty* of our Societies, and this fact is considered sufficient to show the estimation in which it is held, and the manner in which it has stood the test of comparison with other Collections.

The following are some of the peculiar merits of the Christian Hymns:—the number of hymns is very large; the variety of subjects and metres is very great; the hymns are better adapted for singing; the plan of arrangment is improved; and the price is very low.

*** For a list of places where this book is in use, see cover of the Christian Examiner.

☞ Copies furnished for examination.

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READ THE FOLLOWING.

[From E. R. Peaslee, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Dartmouth College, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Medical School, Brunswick, Me.]

HANOVER, N. H., Dec. 23, 1847.

I first became acquainted with the Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. Corbett, of the Shakers' Society, somewhat more than four years ago, at the time he made its precise composition public to the members of the New Hampshire Medical Society. It was at once believed that the formula then published by Dr. Corbett could not fail to prove a most valuable remedy in all cases in which the peculiar effects of Sarsaparilla are required. This expectation has, on trial, been fully realized. It has peculiar efficacy in certain diseases of the skin and of the digestive apparatus, and its scrofulous conditions generally. The ingredients added to the Sarsaparilla itself, of which it contains more than the other preparations I have used, increased its alterative effects, and render it diuretic, and, in most cases, slightly laxative also. I recommend it to *practitioners of medicine* as superior to any Syrup of Sarsaparilla I have yet tried, in cases requiring the administration of this remedy; none but physicians being, in my opinion, competent to distinguish the precise conditions in which it is really indicated.

E. R. PEASLEE, M. D.

[From Parker Cleveland, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, Materia Medica, Mineralogy, Geology, and Natural Philosophy, Brunswick College, Maine.]

BRUNSWICK, ME., April 8, 1848.

Messrs. E. Brinley & Co:—Gentlemen,—I have examined your Formula for the preparation of "Corbett's Compound Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla."—From my knowledge of the properties of its ingredients, and from the well known beneficial effects which it has produced, as certified by the most distinguished Physicians and Chemists in the country, and most satisfactorily ascertained by myself, I am fully convinced it is a medicine possessing great efficacy in the cure of many diseases, especially those it particularly purports to.—In addition to the Sarsaparilla, it contains other ingredients of *great value*.

Very Respectfully,

P. CLEAVELAND, M. D.

LONDON, Jan. 22, 1847.

The Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla has been prepared by the United Society at Canterbury, N. H., for several years, under the superintendence of Dr. Corbett. A knowledge of the Formula, an acquaintance with the mode of preparation, opportunities for comparing it with other preparations of Sarsaparilla, and an extensive experience in the use of it, convinces me that it is far superior to the many compounds that are put up for extracts and syrups of Sarsaparilla, and sold as the "only genuine."

The Shaker Syrup is a valuable medicine in the treatment of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, *irruleut Erysipelas* and Chronic Affections of the liver: and I confidently recommend it to the Profession as an article worthy of attention.

RICHARD P. J. TENNEY, M. D.

We cordially concur in the above.

John S. Eliot, M. D. Manchester, N., H., Jan. 22, 1847.
David Flanders, M. D., Londonderry, N. H., June 1, 1847.
John Clough, M. D., Gilford Lake Vill., N. H., March 12, 1847.
C. C. Tibbetts, M. D., Sanbornton Bridge, N. H. March 20, 1847.
S. M. Emery, M. D., Boscawen, N. H., Jan. 22, 1847.
R. Fellows, M. D., Loudon, N. H., Jan. 22, 1847.

CONCORD, Nov. 3, 1846.

Having been acquainted with the virtues and alterative effects of the Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla, prepared by the United Society of Shakers in Canterbury, I do not hesitate to recommend it in preference to any other preparation of the kind offered for use. WILLIAM PRESCOTT, M. D.

I cordially concur with the above.

JAMES B. ABBOTT, M. D.

Sanbornton, N. H., March 26, 1847.

BRISTOL, N. H., Jan. 20, 1840.

Having directed and used the "Compound Conentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla," prepared by the United Society of Shakers in Canterbury, I confidently recommend it to the profession as a valuable auxiliary in the treatment of Scrofula, Bad state of the Blood, and diseases of the liver. I also consider it an efficacious remedy for the cure of a variety of cutaneous diseases.—Knowing something about the Formula of this Syrup, and watching its effects on the system, I can safely recommend it to the suffering part of community.

M. C. SAWYER, M. D.

I cheerfully concur in the foregoing recommendation.

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POETRY.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Can the sigh be poured for the early dead,
On their pillows of dust reposing?
Should the tear of Pain in that hour be shed,
When the earth o'er their slumber is closing?
Should the winds of heaven in evening's hour
Bear the sighs of laden bosom,
When the young are borne from affliction's power,
Like the Spring's unsullied blossom?
Ere the blight of crime on the spirit came—
Ere passion awakened its inward flame;
While the heart was pure, while the brow was fair,
Ere the records of Evil had gathered there?

They have passed from shadows that haunt us round,
From the clouds that enthral existence.
When we look at Youth in the backward ground,
And at Death in the forward distance!
No more will the sombre pall of fate,
Like a mantle around them gather;
They have gone, ere affliction grew desolate,
Or hope's garland began to wither;
And they sleep like stars in the upper air,
And the skies of evening are deep and fair;
There's a halo of peace where their ashes lie,
As the ambient night winds are hurrying by.

They are blest in death!—for no bitter care
Will the fevered brow be flushing;
They departed while being was bright and fair,
While the fountains of feeling were gushing.
Then let them sleep "in their lowly bed;"
Let hope be amidst our sorrow;
There is peace in the Night of the early dead—
It will yield to a glorious morrow!
They will rise like buds from the glebe of spring,
When the young birds play on the changeful wing;
They faded ere sin could beguile the breast;
They will wake in the regions of endless rest!

O! LISTEN, MAN.

[From the Husband and Wife's Grave, by R. H. Dana.]

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality!
Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; night,
Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears;
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in the great jubilee;
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

SABBATH HOURS AT HOME.

GENTLE READER;—You are habitually accustomed, no doubt, to attend public worship. Yet there are hours not thus occupied. These perhaps are dull, and profitless to you. You are in doubt how they may be made most useful—made indeed holy time. You are interrupted in your pursuits, perchance, by the angry wrangling, or the playful merriment of the children. We ask your attention, first then, to these. These children sit by your side, at table, thrice each day. They go from your dwelling to school and return thither again. You pass them, upon the playground, amid their sports. Their voices and joyous laugh come often to your ears amid your cares and toils. At night they are safely sheltered beneath your roof. In one word, by day and by night they are around you. If disease threatens them, they are sure of your ceaseless watchings. Constantly as they are with you, do you know their hopes and fears, their trials and temptations? You know the outward life of the child; do you know its inner, spiritual life?—We do not accuse you of any, even the slightest, intentional neglect. We know the strength of your love; you would make any sacrifice for the good of your child. Still there is danger, amid the pressure of many occupations and soul-wearing perplexities, that there will grow up, insensibly, a separation between parents and children, as infancy changes to youth. We do not mean that your affection will be one whit lessened. But the days of infantile prattle have passed away; and that tall, awkward, silent boy of twelve or fourteen years cannot yet discuss, with much power, the pressure in the money market, or wars, or Presidential elections. Your *pursuits* differ from his; *he* may think your *interests* differ also. Said a parent to us, "We thought our child was safe. We had placed him at a good school. We suspected no danger until evil had gained deep root in his heart." It is not enough then, that you place your child under good teachers. This is important and will do very much to benefit him. But beyond this, there is needed free intercourse with your loved ones at home. Give them one Sabbath hour to this purpose. It were better that it should be done daily. But if this cannot be, *consecrate* an hour each Sunday to frank and familiar converse with your children. Seek to know the success which has elated, or the trial which has depressed them. Retrace with them, their steps in the school-room, upon play-ground and at the fireside. Utter the word of encouragement when you can, and of warning when you must. Let them feel that there is no harvest which your fields can produce, no bargain which your skill can make, that will bring to you a tithe of the enjoyment caused by the knowledge that they have conquered a brutal passion, an evil habit, a wrong desire. Let them feel that their joys are your joys, and their sorrows your sorrows. Do not rest content when you have told them that they must be good. Seek by every noble example and soul-stirring word to lead them to the love and allegiance of virtue. In this work you will find the Scriptures a rich storehouse. Tell them of Abraham, Isaac and Joseph; of John, Peter and Paul. Speak to them of the life and words of Jesus Christ until your and their hearts burn with the love and desire of holiness. Hours thus spent shall change the instinctive love of early childhood into heartfelt, spiritual affection. They shall so win for you the confidence of your child, that amid other scenes of temptation, your words will come with power. They shall implant principles which shall bear fruit an hundred fold.

But night comes and your circle is formed for the evening. Is there no youthful clerk or apprentice or boy at Boarding School, whom you can and will ask to join it? He may be poor or humble; do not think too much of that. If he needed clothing or food, you would give it. But we do not ask for him a seat at your table, or a dollar of your money. We ask for him an occasional seat at your fireside, that you and he may each be blessed; you in giving and he in receiving. Is there love and kindness in your home? They may quicken in him every good affection. Is there culture there? It may excite in him the thirst for knowledge. Does a Christian Spirit pervade your household? It may awaken within him an inextinguishable love, and a fearless struggle for the holy and the true. A good, a useful, a wise man may say, in coming years, that in your home he first learnt the worth of KNOWLEDGE, of BENEVOLENCE, of PIETY.

There are other duties of which we would speak, but must forbear.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

[From Chambers' Miscellany.]

James O'Leary was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his "Small College," and his pupils "his thrifle of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils;" but was so decidedly proud of "the Homarians," that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College" by a display of his "*Gracians*"—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue; whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A B C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the National schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages what they had not understood if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National school was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the boord." This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say, that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flooring the boord," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class of scholars, of whose merits he was so bright an example. For a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "the Master," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "the Mistress." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighborhood, and paid largely for the classics and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable: in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe; he paved the little courtyard with the multiplication-table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "Tusculum" was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces; and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself, that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about, gruel, or "*a sup of broth*,"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "Gracian," who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific!—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him. The place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of—so I'll sit down at once."

"Then why don't you sit down at once? Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us!"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon, "No good to us, dear!—why, it's for Aby-the-what is it you called him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top boy—as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us!—he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is——"

"Well," replied the master, "I know that; I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould—but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby——"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary; we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and"—he drew a deep breath, then added—"and *take no more poor scholars!*"

"Oh, James, don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman; "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in."

"Still, we must take care of ourselves, woman dear," replied James with a dogged look. Why the look should be called "dogged," I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple-potato, and beckoning a neighbor's child, who was hopping over the multiplication-table in the little courtyard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby slept that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late; I'm sure he got you a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"Oh, don't say that!—sure the blessing is a fine thing; and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a great wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away; but your brains hould out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband; but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued; "it does them good, and does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the color highly," he answered.

"Think of that now! And a boy I saw today had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second suit of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off your poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *borrin' the second suit of clothes*."

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper; for Mary made a mistake in her second bit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he the money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The trifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong* man like yerself, James O'Leary; only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration.*"

Mary gave a start: she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary, looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone.

"Father of mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake again, man alive! and tell us is it yerself that's in it!"

James laughed—not joyously or humorously, but a little dry half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I tould you of," said Mary. "Come in *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it now, and will talk to you, dear."

"The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore, and asked "if he would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and again, and let him pick up as much as he could?"

"And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return"

"I have but little, sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven—my eldest sister a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbors, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God, which never leaves us, we might turn out upon the road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me,' said O'Leary very coldly.

"I know that, sir," answered the boy; yet he looked as if he did *not* know it, "though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning. But I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings, besides five which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking if yer honor would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so; I know I can't pay yer honor as I ought, only just for the love of God; and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton nightcap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said; "the masther does'nt want it; he only had a mind to see if it was safe." Then aside to her husband, "Let fall yer hand, James; it's the devil that's under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all." Then to the boy, 'Put it up, dear, and come in the morning.' But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting—' the *thin* shillings,' as Mary called them—and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none; and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that "the Lord above would raise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the 'great master;' while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the 'thin shillings,' strode towards a well heaped board to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something 'not right.'

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He did not care to encounter Maiy's reproschful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself; and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had 'fleeced' to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they pretended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick!" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep—nor when he did, did he sleep very soundly—but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner; so much so, that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil, and slept soundly. But Mary went on praying. She was accounted what was called the steadiest hand at prayers in the country; but, on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping, until the grey cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her, "Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. 'It's quite in airnest I am, dear; and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks entirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and, Mary, agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them; for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning. There, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me:—

I suppose it's dead I was first; but, anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down. *I could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes. One of them, with wings like a bat, come close up to me; and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought maybe it would help me up; but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke. Then came a great white faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and inkhorns of angel, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there, and making game of me as they passed. Oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and every thing about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or to get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"Maybe so," replied Mary, 'participarly as they would'nt let you correct the bad Latin, dear.'

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me—and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy like vapor, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it, the brighter it grew; and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes; and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees, and asked how I was to get up there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh, yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby! did'nt I know the good pure drop was in him!" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy land, masther dear,' they said, 'is for you to make a ladder of us."

"Is it a ladder of the ——"

"Whisht, will ye,' interrupted the master.—'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion. All your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther jewel, *we are your charities;* seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever."

I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step ladder* of the seven holy craturs, who though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stept, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel, I'd have gone—I don't know where; he held me fast. 'O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me afther all,' I said. 'Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way afther all?"

"Sure there must be more of us to help you,' makes answer Paddy Blake. 'Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,' says Abel, 'and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished! Oh, then, if you did, masther,' said the poor fellow, 'if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you.' Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart: and just then I woke—I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning."

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bedside, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. "And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and, darling, you'll look out for more of them. And, oh! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream."

A VETERAN NEGRO. We were much interested in the history of the adventures of a negro man, who has lately returned from the Mexican war, as related to us by that accomplished officer, Lieut. Ranis, of the Engineer Corps.—Sandy has had the singular fortune, for a negro, to have been, at his own earnest solicitation, in nearly all the battles in Mexico. He was at Corpus Christi during the encampment of our army at that place, and marched with the column to the Rio Grande. In some of his peregrinations around Fort Brown, he was captured by the Mexicans after a stout resistance, and thus became the first prisoner in the war with Mexico. The Mexicans took Sandy to Matamoras, and treated him "with the most distinguished consideration," and finally offered him a Lieutenancy in the Mexican army, which he indignantly declined, and escaping in a skiff, joined his master, Maj. Rainers, and was present at the bombardment of Fort Brown. By solicitation, Sandy was allowed to join the army at Vera Cruz, and was present throughout the siege. He was again at the battle of Cerra Gordo, and joining his master's brother, Lieut. Rainers, at Puebla, he marched with the army into the valley of Mexico, and was present in every battle before the capital, being always near to render assistance to his master in case he should require it. No one in the whole army appeared to enjoy the success of our arms with more enthusiasm, and no one maintained a more uniformly gallant devotion to his duty and charge than the negro Sandy.—Having been with the army since his childhood, he well deserves the title of the "veteran negro."

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE. I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on; "for," he said, "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this;" when, turning the collar completely upside down, she sliped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained. [Cottle.

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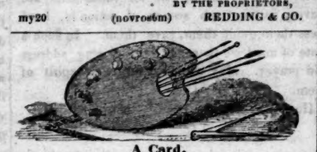

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